

SCREENLAND

★
ICC

January

15¢

copy to Central Serial Record DEC - 9 1943

Hedy
Lamarr

Autographed
Color
Photo
of
FRANK
SINATRA

THE LIBRARY
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

DEC 21 1943

DEC -8 1943

©CIB 611373

GLORIFYING THE ALL-AMERICAN PIN UP GIRL!

Here's the girl in every service-
man's dreams... set to music,
set to dancing, set to loving...
in a musical you'll never forget!

Betty
G'GRABLE
in



PIN UP GIRL

in *Technicolor!*

JOHN HARVEY • MARTH A RAYE • JOE E. BROWN

EUGENE PALLETTE • SKATING VANITIES

CHARLIE SPIVAK
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE • Produced by WILLIAM LE BARON
Screen Play by Robert Ellis, Helen Logan and Earl Baldwin



You'll laugh your head
off when Martha and Joe
get together again!

Make your
Christmas gift
a War Bond.
Your
Movie Theatre is
happy to
serve you.



SONGS THEY'LL BE SINGING
FROM BROADWAY
TO GUADALCANAL!

"You're My Little Pin Up Girl"
"Time Alone Will Tell"
"This Is It"
"Once Too Often"
"Yankee Doodle Hayride"
"The Story of
the Very Merry Widow"
"Don't Carry
Tales Out of School"
"Red Robins, Bob Whites
and Blue Birds"
by Mack Gordon
and James Monaco

Another **BIG** one in 20 CENTURY-FOX'S mighty parade of HITS!

ORSON WELLES • JOAN FONTAINE in **JANE EYRE**

EDWARD G. ROBINSON • LYNN BARI in **TAMPICO**

MERLE OBERON • GEORGE SANDERS • LAIRD CREGAR in **THE LODGER**

Three great DARRYL F. ZANUCK productions: **THE PURPLE HEART** • **WILSON** • WENDELL WILLKIE'S **ONE WORLD**

After Hours—

turn heads and hearts with a sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

YOU'RE WORKING on the home front —backing our heroes on the battle front. But when your day's stint is done—it's time for relaxation—for fun, for dates and romance.

Do you need beauty to win hearts? Not at all! Look at the popular girls about you. Few can claim real beauty. But they all know *how to smile!*

So let your smile be bright—warm hearts with its magic! But for that kind of a smile you need bright, sparkling teeth. And re-

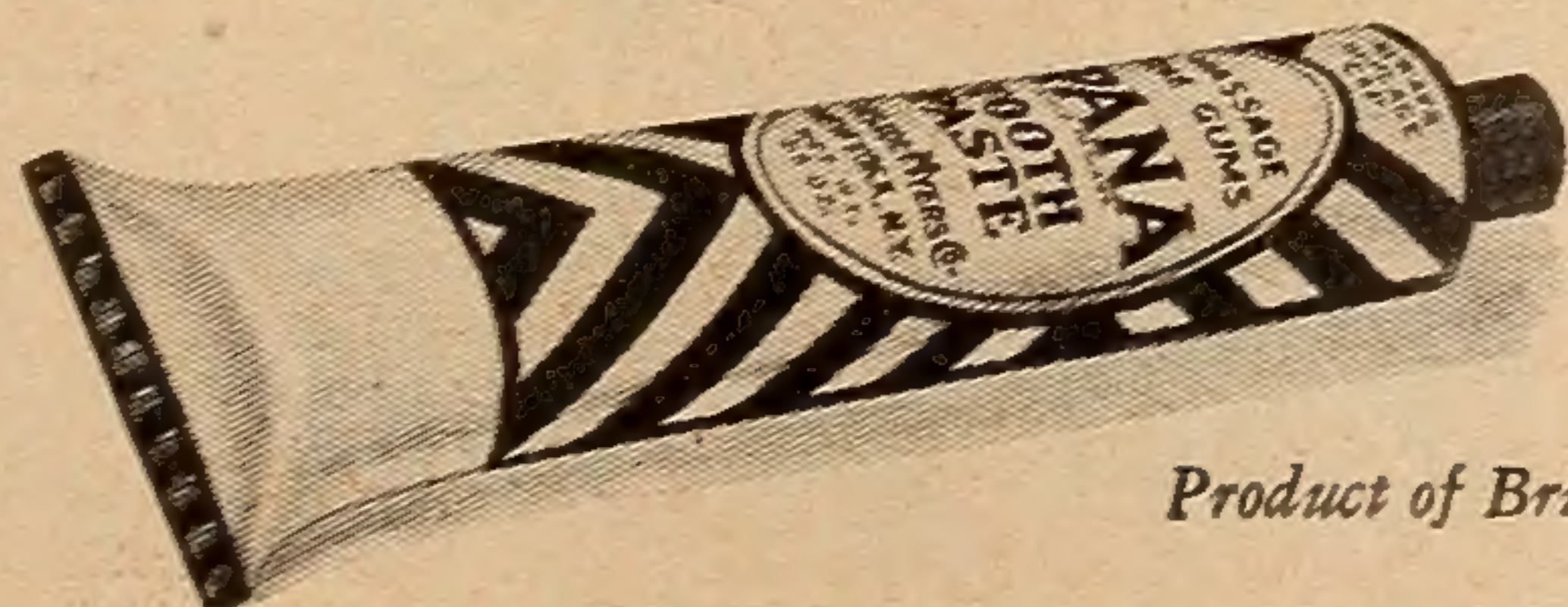
member, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist. He may tell you that soft foods have denied your gums the exercise they need for health. And, like many dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help make

gums firmer. Let Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier, more attractive smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with Ipana AND massage

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

3,000,000 women are needed to serve on the home front—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now.

What can you do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

LOVE
STORY OF
AN ARMY
CAMP



DIRECT FROM
ITS WORLD
PREMIERE
ENGAGEMENT
AT BROADWAY'S
FAMED ASTOR
THEATRE!



MGM's
GRAND MUSICAL HIT

THOUSANDS CHEER

30 STARS! 3 GREAT BANDS!



KATHRYN
GRAYSON



GENE
KELLY



MICKEY
ROONEY



JUDY
GARLAND



LUCILLE
BALL



RED
SKELTON



ELEANOR
POWELL



ANN
SOTHERN



MARY
ASTOR



LENA
HORNE



FRANK
MORGAN



JOHN
BOLES



MARGARET
O'BRIEN



VIRGINIA
O'BRIEN



KAY
KYSER



BOB
CROSBY

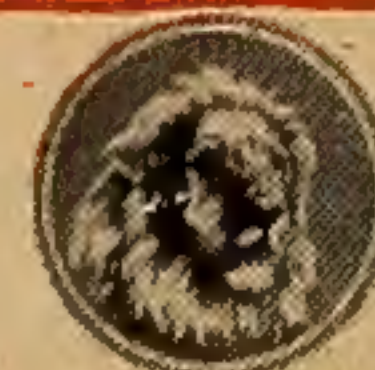


MARSHA
HUNT



JOSE
ITURBI

also: Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, Benny Carter, John Conte, Sara Haden, Don Loper, Maxine Barrat, Ben Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy. Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY, Produced by JOSEPH PASTERNAK. Original Screen Play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins. Based on their story "Private Miss Jones"



SCREENLAND

SCREENLAND

PAUL HUNTER, Publisher
DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

HOMER ROCKWELL, Executive Vice President

ELIZABETH WILSON,
Western Representative

MARION MARTONE,
Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL,
Art Director

ANTHONY FERRARA,
Asst. Art Director



January, 1944

Vol. XLVIII, No. 3

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	19
"A Soldier Must Have Love!" Says Ann Sothorn....	to Jerry Asher	20
Blonde Blitzing for Bonds. Betty Hutton.....	Liza	24
Bob Taylor's "Chin-Up Girl." Barbara Stanwyck.....	Elizabeth Wilson	26
Best Role! Jeffrey Lynn.....	Lillian Blackstone	28
Team Work. Louise Allbritton and Robert Paige.....	John R. Franchey	30
Girls! Frances Langford Tells What Servicemen Think of You.....	Dora Albert	32
How To Bring Up A Glamor Girl. Marguerite Chapman.....	Margaret Chapman	34
Diary of a New American. By Helmut Dantine.....		36
The Bride Grew Up. Martha O'Driscoll.....	Maude Cheatham	38
Closeup of a Cowboy. John Wayne.....	Liza	41
A Letter to My Son. By Edward Arnold.....		45

FULL COLOR PORTRAITS:

Frank Sinatra starring in RKO's "Higher And Higher".....	23
Margaret O'Brien, who will next be seen in "Lost Angel," M-G-M.....	29
John Wayne, appearing in Republic's "In Old Oklahoma".....	40

PICTURE PAGES: "Meet Mimi Forsythe"; "Making 'Madame Curie'" (Greer Garson); "Maria and the New Menace" (Maria Montez and Turhan Bey); "Roy Rogers' Girls"; "The Many Moods Of Toumanova" (Tamara Toumanova); "Heavenly Bodies" (Hedy Lamarr, Barbara Mace, Bunny Waters, Helen O'Hara, Dorothy Ford, Lucille Ball); "Fashions That Sing" (Kathryn Grayson); "Look at Lynn!" (Lynn Bari, Francis Lederer, Akim Tamiroff); "Leading the Pin-Up Parade" (Ann Corio, Belita, Edward Norris); "Hail 'Gung Ho!'" (Scenes from the new film.)

DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood.....	6
Streamlined Living. Julie Bishop, Faye Emerson, Joyce Reynolds.....	Betty Boone 8
Fans' Forum.....	10
Your Guide to Current Films.....	Selected by Delight Evans 12
Honor Page.....	14
Ideas for Christmas Gifts.....	16
Here's Hollywood Candid photos by Jean Duval—Gossip by Weston East.....	54

Natural Color Cover Portrait of HEDY LAMARR,
Starring In "The Heavenly Body" for M-G-M

Paul Hunter, President
Homer Rockwell, Executive Vice President and Advertising Manager
Lee Wagner, Circulation Manager
SCREENLAND. Published monthly by Hunter Publications, Inc., at 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Offices: 205 E. 42nd St., New York, 410 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; 427 W. 5th St.,
Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive
careful attention, but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscriptions \$2.00 in
the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$2.50 in Canada; foreign \$3.00. Changes of address
must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered
as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.
Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1943 by Hunter Publications, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A.
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

On all the Broadways of America,
there's a milling to get into the most
extravagant extravaganza in years en-
titled "Thousands Cheer".

It is "M-G-M's Thousands Cheer" if
you please, for practically every big
name on the big roster of that big studio
is represented in the cast.

It is essentially a
love story that
revolves around
Kathryn Gray-
son and Gene
Kelly. But they
are the baton
wavers in a pa-
rade that brings
out the exact and thoroughly demon-
strated talents of—



Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red
Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothorn,
Lucille Ball, Virginia O'Brien, Frank
Morgan, Lena Horne—Shall we go on?



Oh very well—Marsha
Hunt, Marilyn Maxwell,
Donna Reed, Margaret
O'Brien, June Allyson,
Gloria DeHaven, John
Conte, Sara Haden—get-
ting winded?

Well—Ben Blue, Frances
Rafferty, Mary Elliott,
Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick
Simmons, Ben Lessy, Don Loper and
Maxine Barrat—whew!

Plus three great name
bands—Kay Kyser
and Orchestra, Bob
Crosby and Orches-
tra, Benny Carter
and Band.



And lest we forget,
the incomparable Jose
Iturbi not only plays
his immortal piano
but acts like a Lunt.



This remarkable three-
ringed show is photo-
graphed in Techni-
color, directed by
George Sidney and
produced by the vet-
eran Joseph Pasternak.
It is an original screen
play by Paul Jarrico
and Richard Collins
who dreamed up a
dream of a story about
Private Miss Jones.

It has the true Army
flavor. That's why the
most important letters in
"Thousands Cheer" are
U.S.A.



You'll be one of the
millions to cheer
M-G-M's Thou-
sands. We're in it too—at
the very beginning we roar. —Leo





They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring ... they last and last.

Stronger Grip

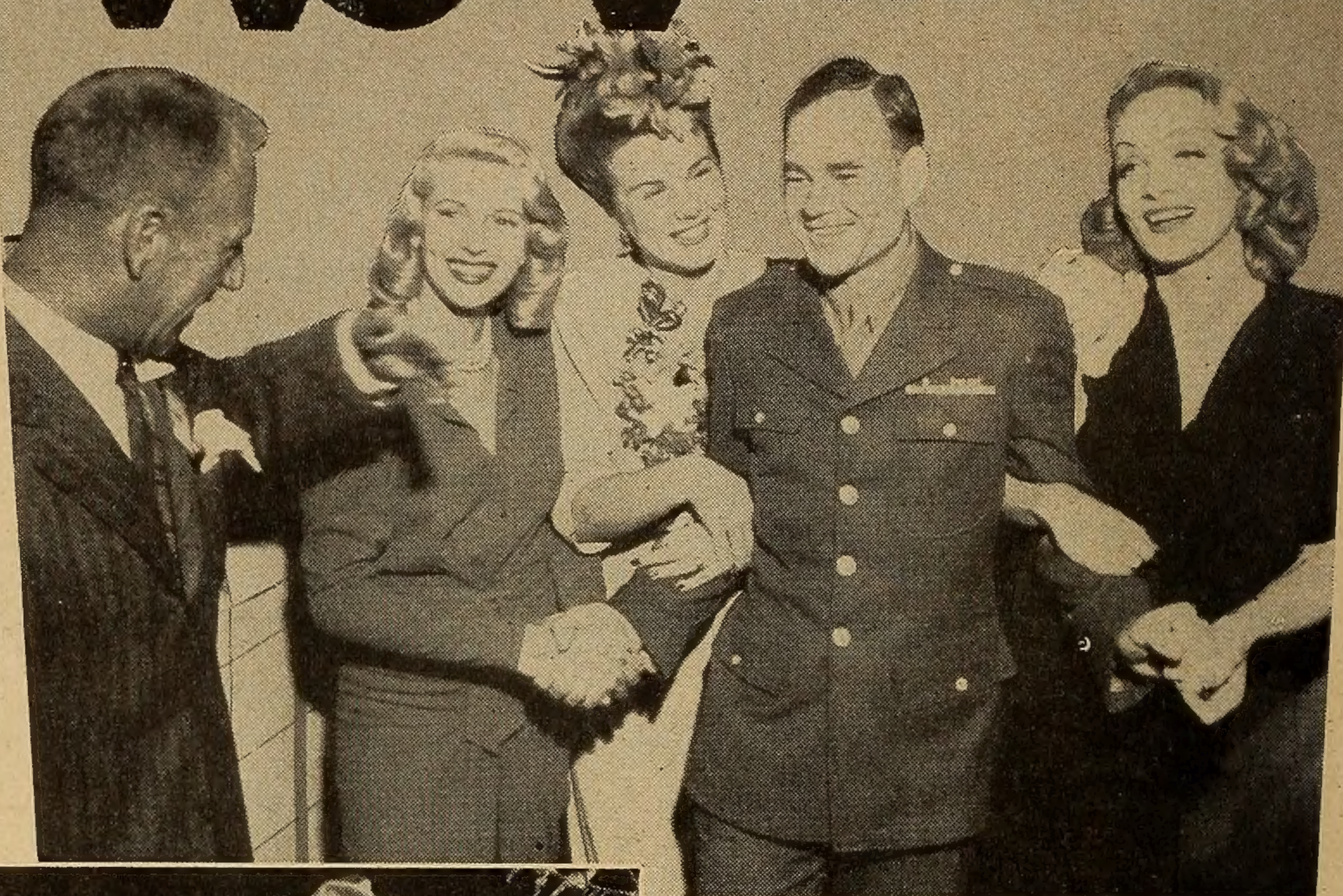


SHORT, but not for LONG. If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today—try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly by Stores handling DeLong ... but, remember, the quantities are restricted as practically all metals are required for war purposes.

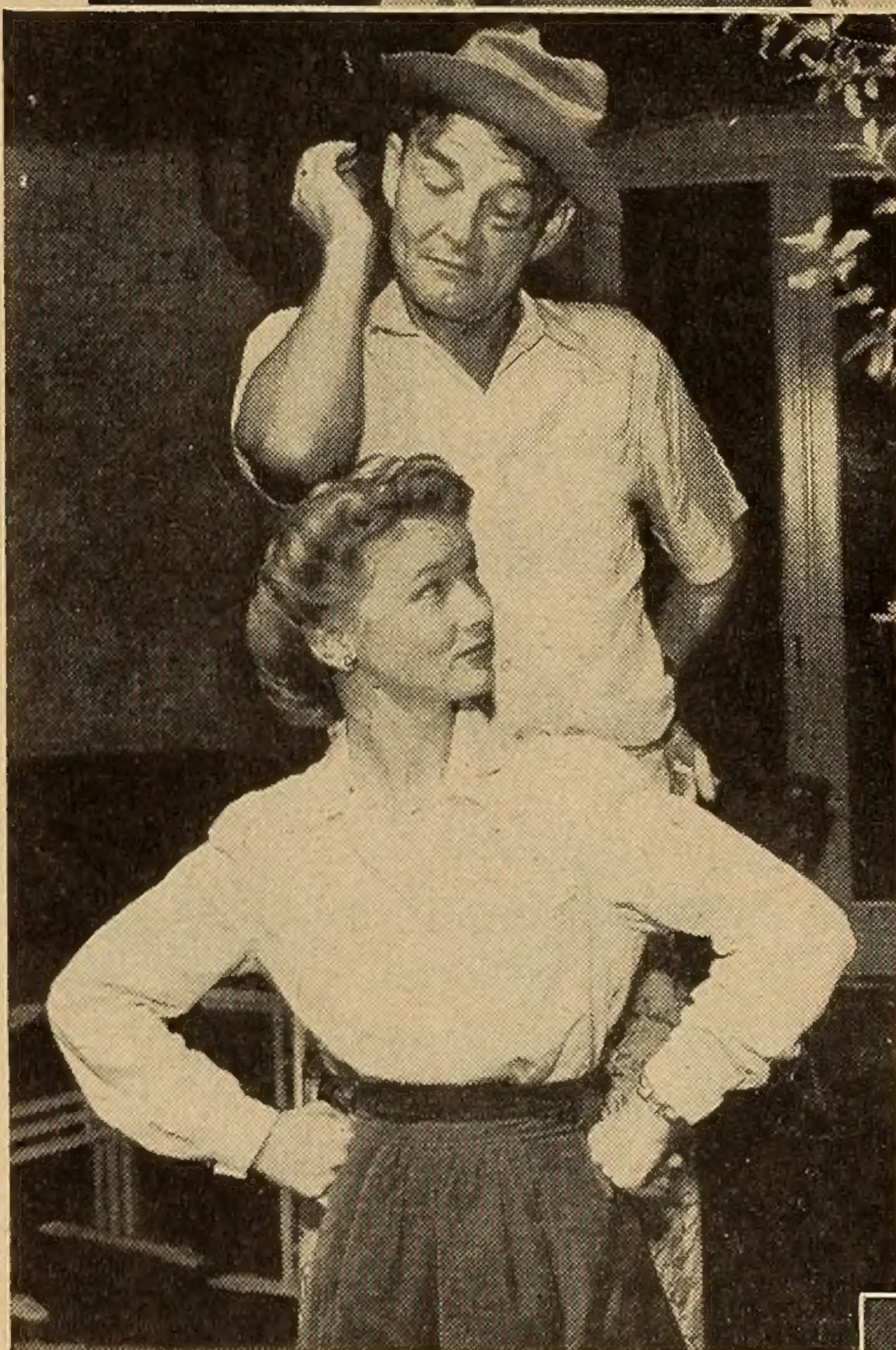
DeLong
BOB PINS

HOT

from
HOLLYWOOD



Sgt. Carl Bell is congratulated by Lana Turner, Deanna Durbin and Marlene Dietrich for being the 1,000,000th serviceman to be entertained at the Hollywood Canteen.



BETTY HUTTON is busy with more than her engagement to Charlie Martin, the radio producer, these days. She's taking roping and riding lessons, like mad, in preparation for her rôle in "Incendiary Blonde." She'll play Texas Guinan in the movie, and Tex spent her early life on a ranch.

Left, Veronica Lake looks at Ed Gardner's attempts to adopt her former over-the-eye hair-do with scorn. Below, Charles Boyer, Ronald Colman and Robert Young signing autograph books which were presented to purchasers of War Bonds sold on a recent radio show.



THE Paulette Goddard - Lieut. Burgess Meredith romance gets more serious every moment. Paulette receives two dozen red roses from him each week. Meredith is stationed in London.

IF JOEL McCREA'S plans to tour the South Pacific bases go through, his wife, Frances Dee, will do a New York show. She's always wanted to, but hesitated to leave home for so long. Now, however, her children are away at school, and if Joel leaves on his tour, there will be nothing to stop Frances.

WILLIAM EYTHE seems to have stepped into Tyrone Power's shoes over at 20th Century-Fox. You'll be seeing Bill in "Song of Bernadette." He's inherited Ty's stand-in and dressing room. Also, his real life girl friend is Anne Baxter, who was Ty's leading lady in "Crash Dive."

FRANK SINATRA'S fans are as loyal to his family as they are to him. Mrs. Sinatra has been receiving loads of fan mail. As for his four-year-old daughter, Nancy Sandra, Daddy's fans have been lavish with gifts. The latest is a hand-knit matching jacket and hat, which she refuses to let out of her sight. The Sinatras are expecting an addition to the family in December.

"Paramount's Rhythm Rodeo is a Heap Hep Musical"

says **MELISSE**

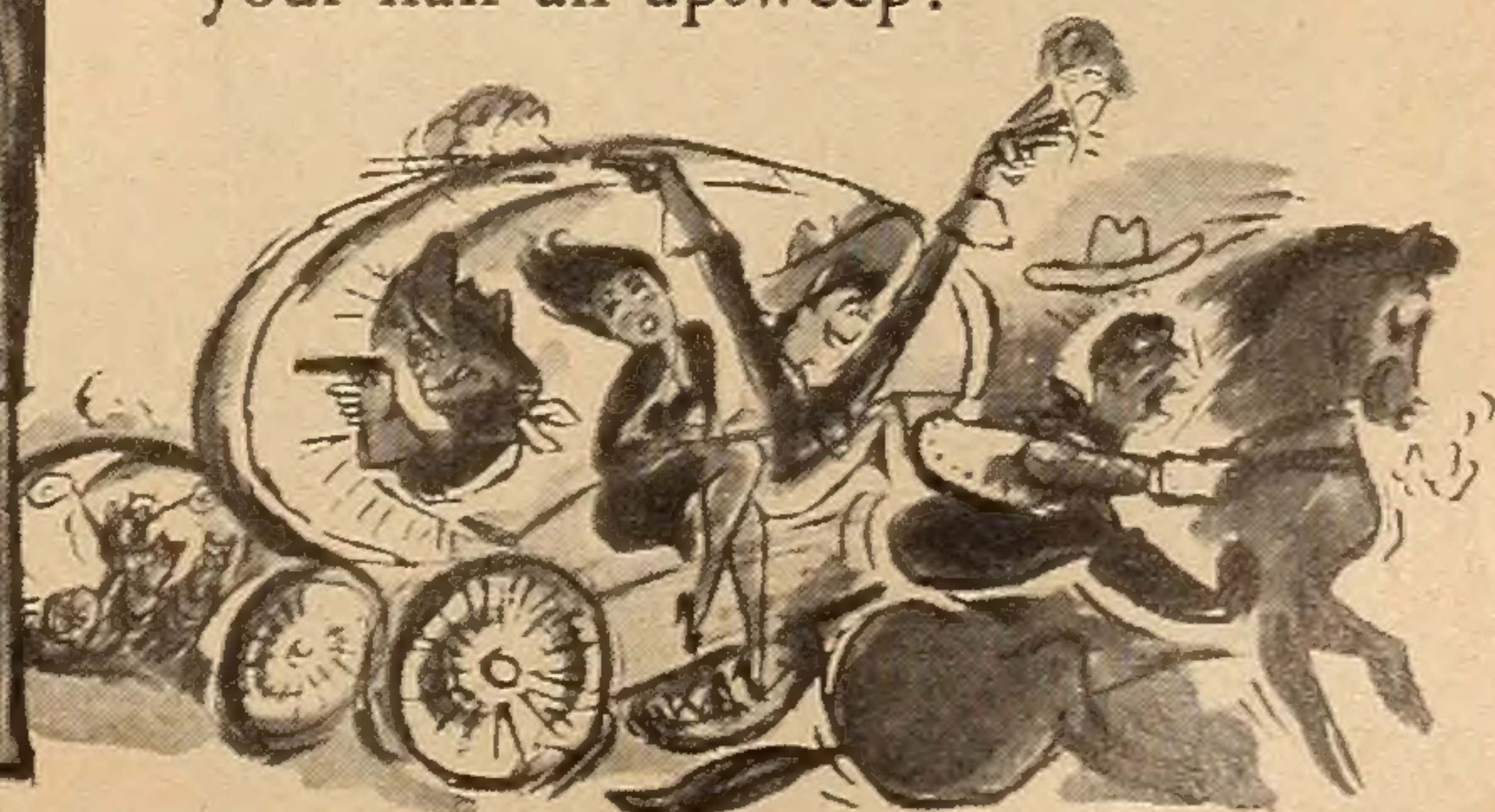
"It's straight from the heart of the Technicolor west and it's full of heap big laughs, plenty hep squaws, and the songs are really pow-wow boogie with a solid beat... And the yummy clothes that well-dressed (G)LAMOUR girl wears while she sings 'em!... First she comes out in a covered wagon—and on her it really looks good—and sings 'Whistling In The Light'... Then in the 'Get Your Man' number she wears this sequin get-up in a deep shade of low-down blue that's very neat for recreational moods or going west... Next she sings 'Injun Gal



Heap Hep' in the feathery creation shown to the left, and exhibits some very interesting specimens of Indian weaving... And for canoeing, when the moon beats down on her and Dick Powell singing 'You're The Rainbow,' she wears a chiffon ensemble with purse to match, creating an unusual moonlight effect... Then all of a sudden she's a sultry 'Secretary To The Sultan,' so you can imagine—it's a sheer black number with that late drrrape effect with veil to match... Meanwhile, you're having fun with pistol packin' Cass Daley, who is tall, dark and gruesome and is going to be a new comedy sensation...



And for the big finish Victor Moore, the old darling, takes the whole cast for a ride in this chuck-wagon race that has enough thrills and action to give your hair an upsweep!"



DOROTHY
LAMOUR

DICK
POWELL

VICTOR
MOORE

Paramount's
Holiday
Musical in

**TECHNI-
COLOR**

**"RIDING
HIGH"**

with
GIL LAMB
CASS DALEY
MILT BRITTON
and Band

Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL**

Screen Play by Walter DeLeon, Arthur Phillips and Art Arthur
Based upon a Play by James Montgomery • Songs by Leo Robin,
Ralph Rainger, Jos. J. Lilley, Harold Arlen, Johnny Mercer.

Early in
1944

The most
entrancing
picture of
the year!



★ Rita
HAYWORTH

★ Gene
KELLY

★ in
"COVER GIRL"

★ in
Technicolor

MUSIC BY
JEROME KERN

LYRICS BY
IRA GERSHWIN

with
LEE BOWMAN · PHIL SILVERS

JINX FALKENBURG · LESLIE BROOKS

EVE ARDEN · OTTO KRUGER

and
THE COVER GIRLS
15 of America's Most Beautiful Women

Screen Play by VIRGINIA VAN UPP

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

LIVING STREAMLINED



Three patriotic Hollywood starlets—Julie Bishop, Faye Emerson, Joyce Reynolds—join forces to make marketing easier, holidays happier for servicemen

By Betty Boone

Three servicemen: Gunner's Mate 2nd Class Lawrence Hewitt of the U. S. Navy, Pfc. William White of the USMC, Cadet Glenn Mercek of the U. S. Army, enjoy a holiday dinner at Julie Bishop's, with Joyce Reynolds and Faye Emerson. Photos at left, the "Three Marketeers" shopping at the Farmers' Market.



WARNER BROTHERS' "Three Marketeers" have holiday plans that include entertaining servicemen as often as possible without robbing the family of all their red ration points.

The "Three Marketeers" are Julie Bishop (featured with Errol Flynn in "Northern Pursuit"), Faye Emerson (of "Destination Tokyo") and Joyce Reynolds (cute-little sister in "The Constant Nymph" and soon to star in "Janie"). They got the title from their weekly expeditions to the famous Farmers' Market where they regularly shop for three families.

They began their share-marketing enterprise because it saves gas to share-the-ride, and have continued it because it's so much more fun than shopping alone. Besides, they swap ration points, buy lugs of fruit or whole cheeses or what-not, dividing whatever it is by three, thus saving pennies to be invested

(Please turn to page 84)

YOUR HEART WILL SING

The Desert Song

GLORIOUSLY IN
TECHNI-
COLOR

It's **WARNER BROS.' LYRICAL MIRACLE!**

STARRING
**DENNIS IRENE
MORGAN ★ MANNING**

with
**BRUCE CABOT • LYNNE OVERMAN
GENE LOCKHART**

Directed by **ROBERT FLOREY**
Produced by **ROBERT BUCKNER** • Based Upon a Play by Lawrence
Schwab, Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, Sigmund Romberg
and Frank Mandel • A Warner Bros. First National Picture



MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT A WAR BOND. YOUR MOVIE THEATRE IS HAPPY TO SERVE YOU.

SCREENLAND



FACTS ABOUT A VITAL PROBLEM

every wife
should understand

Safe new way in feminine
hygiene gives continuous
action for hours!

● Your happiness—your very health—can depend on whether or not you know the real facts about the vital problem of feminine hygiene!

Many women, who think they know, depend on out-dated or dangerous information... make the mistake of relying on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures... or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can burn and injure delicate tissues.

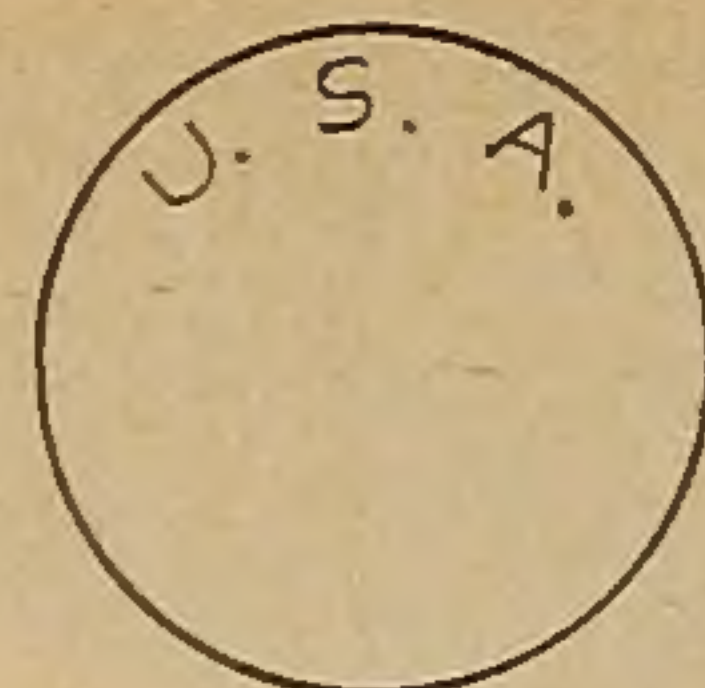
Today modern, well-informed women everywhere have turned to Zonitors—the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories which spread a greaseless, protective coating... and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7132 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



Fans' Forum



FIRST PRIZE LETTER

\$10.00

I have never before written a so-called fan letter, but it's never too late to start, especially since seeing "So Proudly We Hail." I got the impression somehow that it was just another war picture patterned like all the others and only went to see it at the request of a friend. I can truthfully say I have never seen a picture that could compare with it in any way. Every member of the cast gave the film the best they had and that also goes for Sonny Tufts and George Reeves, both very talented newcomers to the screen.

Until seeing this great picture I had thought saving waste fats, tin cans, etc., was doing my share, along with buying a Bond now and then. I have bemoaned the fact that there were no more nylons, bobby pins and such, and have been busy planning or buying new furniture when what I have is still good. After seeing the hardships those poor soldiers, marines, sailors, nurses and all went through I came out of the theater crying my heart out and feeling so guilty and ashamed of myself I could hardly look people in the face. Me, wanting nylons, when those on Bataan didn't have enough to eat! Me, worrying about my hair-do and facials when they didn't have time to comb their hair or wash their faces!

So you see, "So Proudly We Hail" has awakened me to the fact that we can't do too much in the way of buying War Bonds and Stamps and sacrificing by doing without those things we thought we needed to keep up our morale. From now on I'm giving up this foolishness and waste of money and buying more War Bonds and Stamps with the money thus saved so this horrible war will soon be over and our dear ones can come home to us.

Thanks for giving us this wonderful picture, Hollywood!

MRS. THOMAS H. PEAY, Mobile, Ala.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

\$5.00

Come inside a Post Movie with me!

You will have paid fifteen cents to get in. You will find yourself in a large room, jammed with soldiers, and stuffy. The seats will be hard, wooden benches. And looking about, you will see dozing heads, tired faces, sprawled-out figures trying to rest and relax and waiting impatiently for the movie to begin.

As the building grows slowly dark you'll

First Letter Wins First Prize!

Perhaps you, too, like Mrs. Peay, of Mobile, Alabama, have never before written a fan letter, but as Mrs. Peay says, it's never too late to start. Her first attempt at writing a letter to the Fans' Forum about her favorite movie subject has won first prize. Your letter may win a prize, too. SCREENLAND awards monthly prizes of \$10.00; \$5.00; and five prizes of \$1.00 each, all payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address letters to FANS' FORUM, SCREENLAND, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

have a moment to think about the day's work these young men have put in, hiking and climbing, drilling, and marching, digging gun emplacements, shooting rifles that pound against their shoulders, crawling on their stomachs for hundreds of yards, racing over an obstacle course, full equipment on their backs, fighting for a breath of air. You know why the boys look so tired, so blue, so homesick.

The show begins. The theater comes to life. A pretty girl on the screen brings a good-natured theater-wide whistle. There's sudden laughter. Jokes. A shapely leg on the screen and the room fills with a swelling, laughing wolf-cry.

The show is over. The boys, you'll think, will be barely able to crawl back to barracks and to bed. But—look at their faces! They're alive now, whistling, humming, joking. The tiredness is strangely wiped away. They have forgotten the work of the day; they have, for the moment, forgotten they are homesick. They are refreshed and relaxed.

The Post Movie, it seems, has remarkable curative properties.

PVT. WILL HERMAN, Fort Eustis, Va.

(Please turn to page 90)

THE *SINATRA* SHOW!

IT'S THE SEASON'S TOPS!

in LOVE! in LAUGHS!

in SONGS! in STARS!

Wait'll you see and hear Frankie
wow 'em as he woos 'em with song!
It's an entertainment treat that'll
make your heart skip a beat!

MICHELE MORGAN
JACK HALEY
FRANK SINATRA

In

"*HIGHER* *and* *HIGHER*"

WITH

LEON ERROL • MARCY McGUIRE
PAUL and GRACE HARTMAN
BARBARA HALE • DOOLEY WILSON

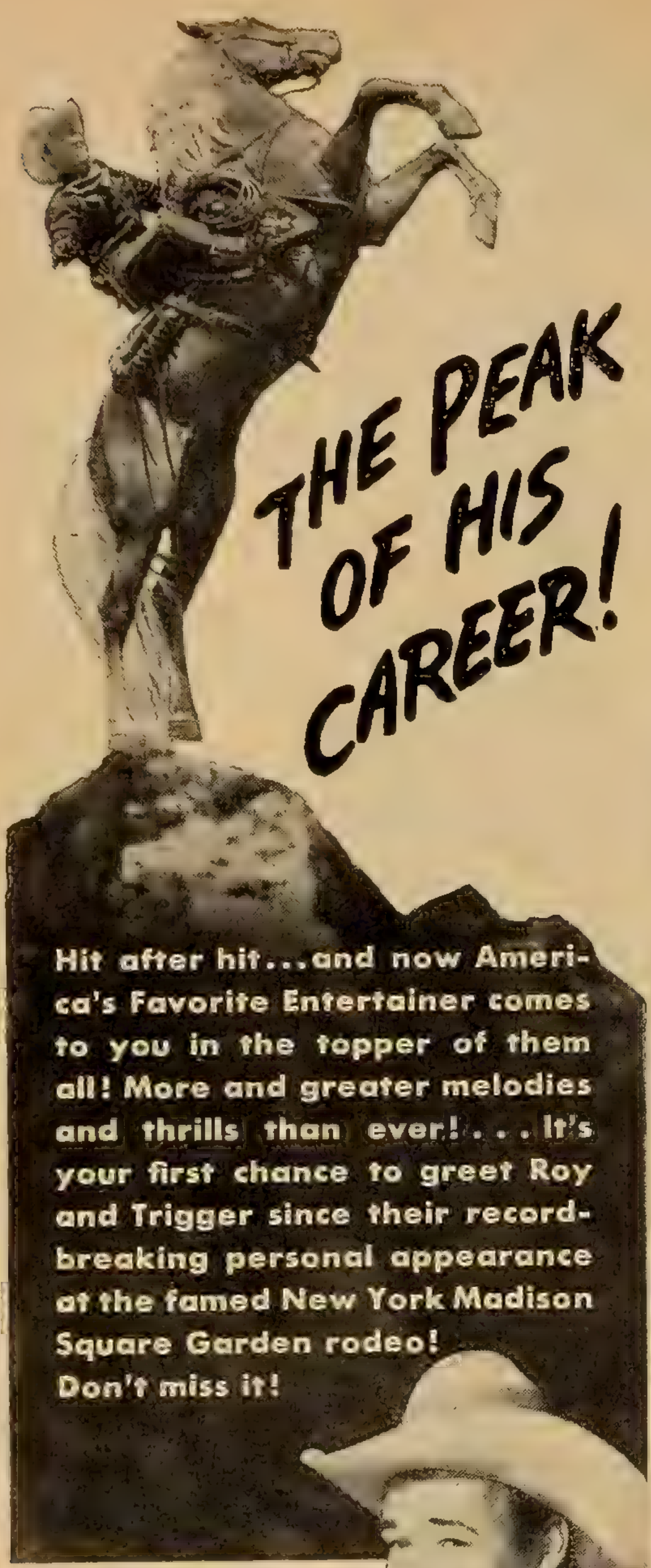
Produced and Directed by Tim Whelan

Screen Play by Jay Dratler and Ralph Spence

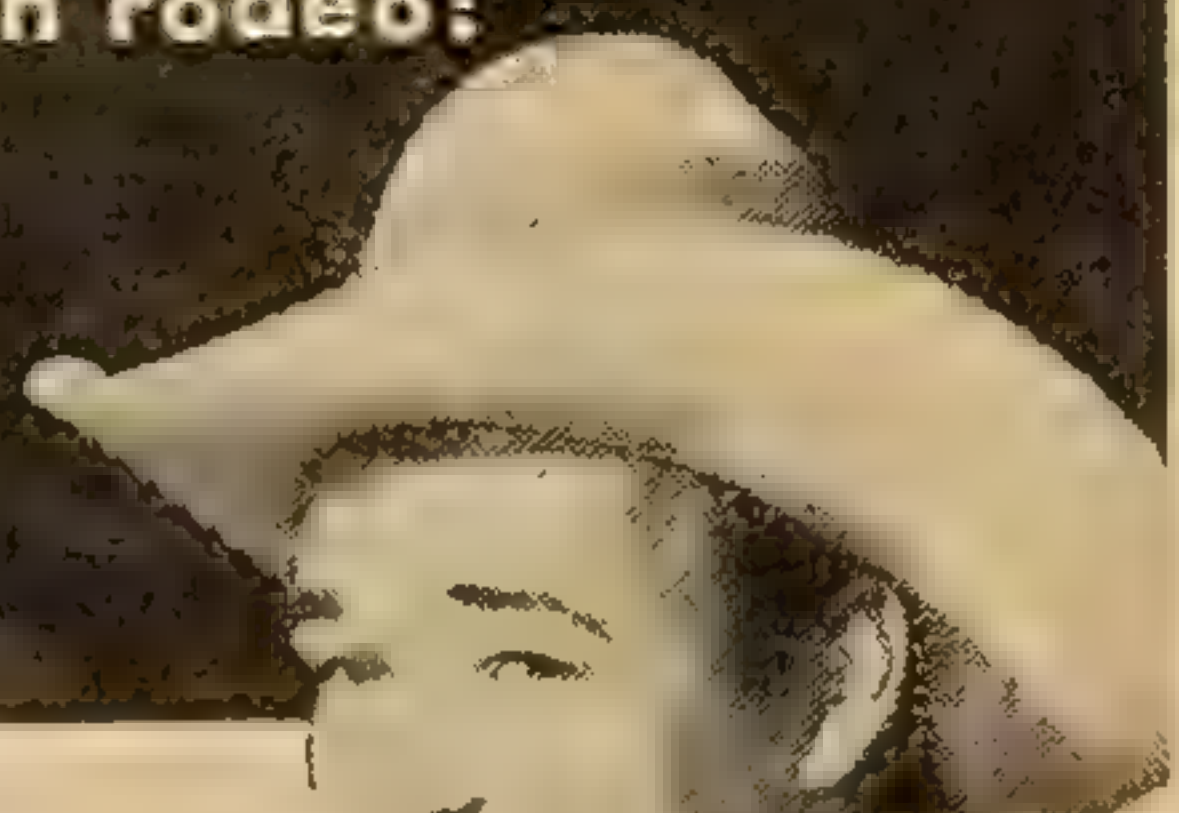
Additional Dialogue by William Bowers and Howard Harris



Hear Frankie
Sing His Own Hit
Parade! "I Couldn't Sleep
a Wink Last Night," "The
Music Stopped," "You Belong
in a Love Song," "A Lovely
Way to Spend an
Evening."



Hit after hit...and now America's Favorite Entertainer comes to you in the topper of them all! More and greater melodies and thrills than ever!...It's your first chance to greet Roy and Trigger since their record-breaking personal appearance at the famed New York Madison Square Garden rodeo! Don't miss it!



ROY ROGERS
KING OF THE COWBOYS
TRIGGER
SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES



with BOB NOLAN AND THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS and RUTH TERRY
PAUL KELLY • ANN GILLIS • GEORGE CLEVELAND • PAT BRADY

Hear Roy Sing: I'm Beginning to Care • Wine, Women, and Song • Deeper and Deeper • Song of the Bandit • After the Rain • Roses on the Trail • King of the Cowboys—and more!

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



Your GUIDE to CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY *Delight Evans*



OLD ACQUAINTANCE—Warner Bros.

This new Bette Davis drama will cause plenty of talk! Better catch it if you want to keep up with your movie-going friends. It's a field day for the ladies, though the men in the audience may well wonder at times what all the shouting is about. The fascinating clash of female temperaments (Miss Davis vs. Miriam Hopkins) is on exhibition throughout, as two schoolgirl friends meet again after one has become a literary sensation and the other a pouty wife. The latter's jealousy leads to the wreck of her own marriage and the ruin of her "best friend's" romance. Miss Davis as the noble femme is fine and restrained, but Miss Hopkins over-acts. Dolores Moran, knockout newcomer, lends a needed bright touch.



JANE EYRE—20th Century-Fox

Picturesque period piece, a faithful film version of Charlotte Brontë's brooding novel, is sheer escapist melodrama. Accept it as such and you'll find it worth your movie time and money. If in search of gay entertainment, better skip it. Sombre and slow-paced, its tragic mood is relieved only by some stunning performances: by Orson Welles, a brilliant if flamboyant *Rochester*; by Joani Fontaine as the appealing heroine; and particularly by Peggy Ann Garner, who is both touching and credible as the child *Jane*. Margaret O'Brien is splendid, too, as *Rochester's* ward *Adele*.



LASSIE COME HOME—M-G-M

This touching, beautiful film is based on Eric Knight's famed novel about the love and devotion of a dog, *Lassie*, for her young master, *Joe* (Roddy McDowall). In Yorkshire, in the days of the dole, poverty forces the boy's father to sell *Lassie* to a wealthy Duke who takes the dog to Scotland. The boy is heartbroken, but the faithful *Lassie* runs away and travels almost a thousand miles to come home to Roddy. The brave dog's experiences on the perilous journey home make up most of the appealing, exciting tale. It's an ideal film for young boys, but it is also excellent entertainment for all ages.



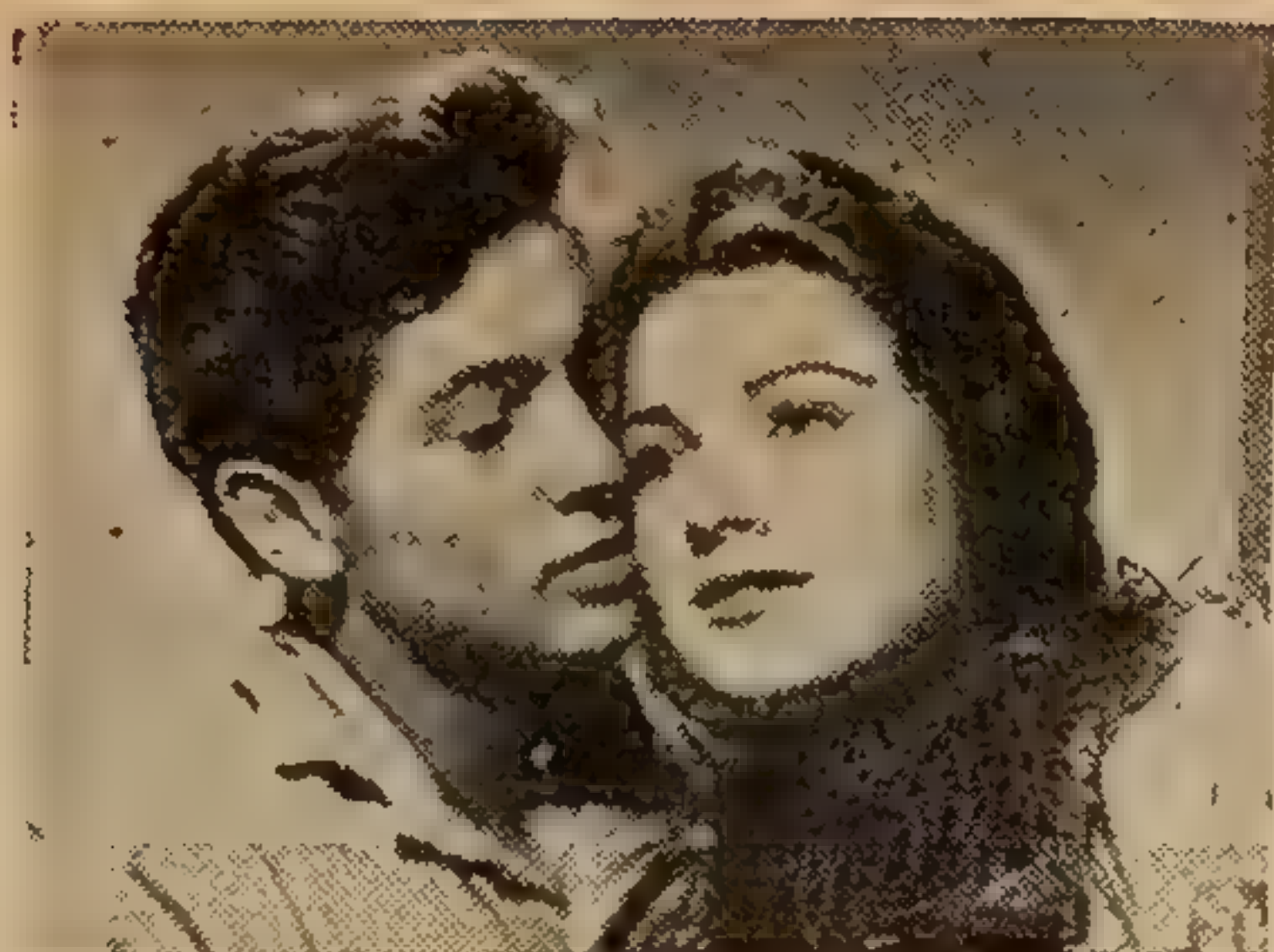
TRUE TO LIFE—Paramount

You'll laugh yourself silly at the wacky scenes in this comedy about two radio writers (Franchot Tone and Dick Powell). While seeking new material, Dick meets a pretty waitress (Mary Martin), moves in with her family, notes their dizzy doings and uses them on the air. The family finds out about it and threatens to sue, but calls it off because Mary loves Dick. Tone, a wolfish chap, likes Mary, too, but bows out when he sees they're really in love. The three are good, but Victor Moore, as the eccentric *Pop Porter*, is a riot in his zany air raid scenes and with his screwy inventions.



PHANTOM OF THE OPERA—Universal

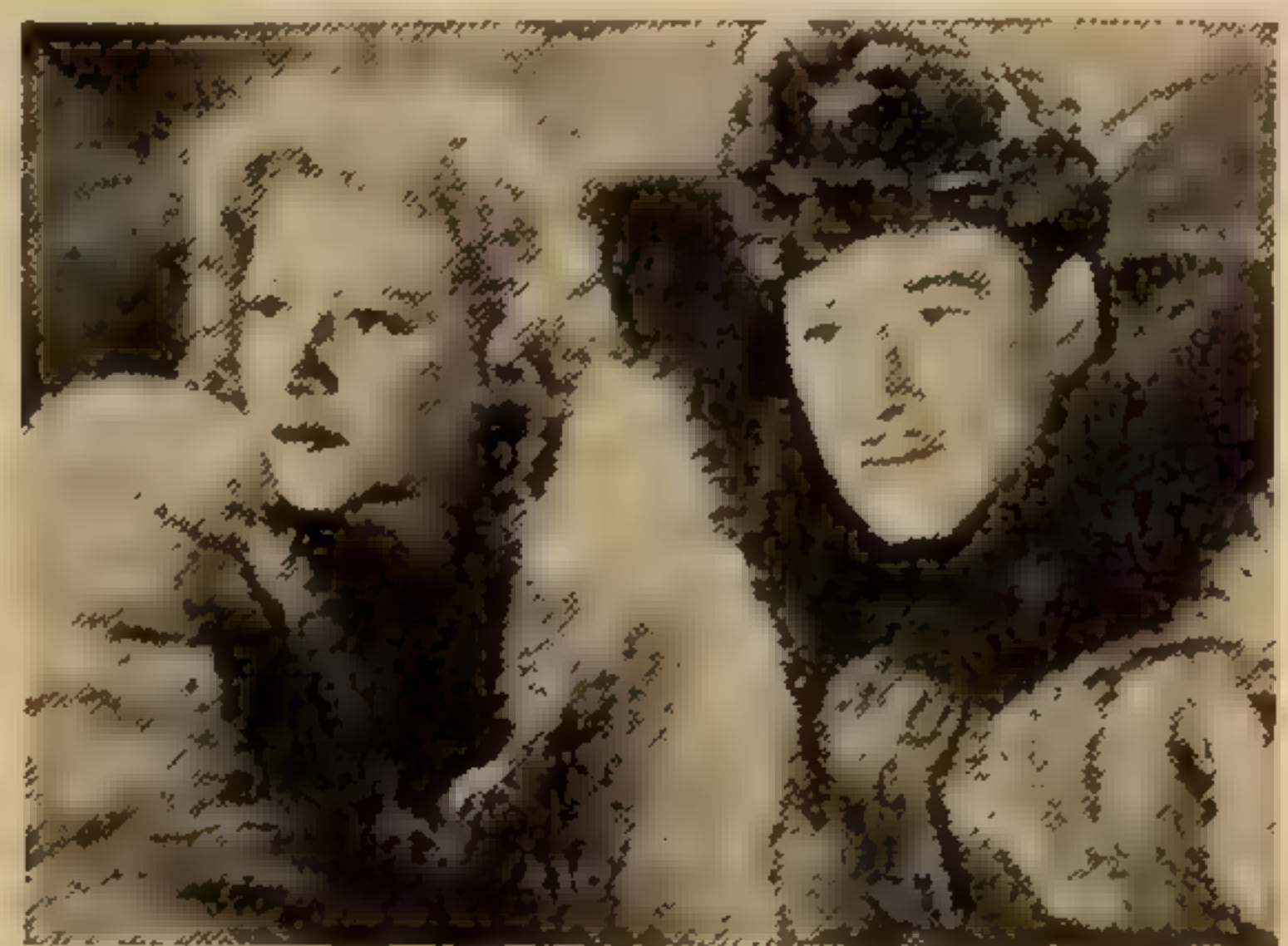
This new film version of the classic about the masked madman who haunts the underground passages of the Paris Opera House after his face is disfigured, is far superior to its predecessor and has the advantage of Technicolor embellishment. It's an exciting tale with mystery, suspense and comedy nicely blended with tuneful operatic interludes. Claude Rains is splendid as the "Phantom" who terrorizes and murders those who hinder his protégée's (Susanna Foster) success. Miss Foster, as the girl soprano, and Nelson Eddy, as the baritone who loves her, are in fine voice and give good performances. Edgar Barrier is capable as Eddy's rival.



THE NORTH STAR—Goldwyn-RKO Radio
Here's a powerful screen drama of Russia's heroic resistance to the German invasion. The gripping tale tells about the defenseless, peace-loving, happy residents of a Ukrainian village, who are first to feel the ruthless Nazi hand; how the death and destruction dealt them incite them to drive the enemy from their land. The sequence in which the worst Nazi atrocity is practiced—drawing blood from children to be used for transfusions for Nazi soldiers—will fill you with horror. It has a poignant love story woven through it, with Anne Baxter and Farley Granger the principals. This is Granger's first screen appearance and he's splendid. Anne and all members of cast, including Jane Withers, Ann Harding, Dana Andrews, Walter Huston, von Stroheim, good.



GUADALCANAL DIARY—20th Century-Fox
Hollywood is finally discovering that false heroics are not only bad taste but bad box-office. Here is the latest "big" war picture to prove it—a sincere, straightforward adaptation of Richard Tregaski's realistic book about the Marines at Guadalcanal. The only "Hollywood touch" is William Bendix in a return engagement of his famous "Wake Island" rôle—but Bendix, as usual, is so good there will be few objections to type casting in this instance. For the rest, the film is a stirring and legitimately dramatic account of The Marine in action: The Marine who may be a 17-year-old boy called "Chicken," or a gallant chaplain, or a tough character like Bendix—but all with the same fighting heart. Richard Jaeckel, really 17, as "Chicken," Preston Foster as chaplain, fine.



NORTHERN PURSUIT—Warners
Set against the background of snow-covered Canadian territory, this exciting motion picture tells of the attempts of Nazi flyers, landed by submarine, to bomb the Welland Canal, and the heroics of a Northwest Mountie to thwart the sabotage of the waterway. Errol Flynn is fine as the handsome, daring Mountie who befriends the Nazis to learn who their contacts in Canada are. He's suspected, but used as a guide and to help assemble an enemy bomber. But a Mountie always gets his man, so Flynn boards the bomber before the take-off, kills the nasty Nazis and parachutes to safety. Helmut Dantine is again convincing as a Nazi leader. Julie Bishop is good as the Mountie's girl.

IT'S THE JOYPACKED DANCE & ROMANCE HIT OF '44!

WITH
A NEW
STAR!

MONOGRAM
proudly presents

BELITA

in

"LADY, LET'S DANCE"

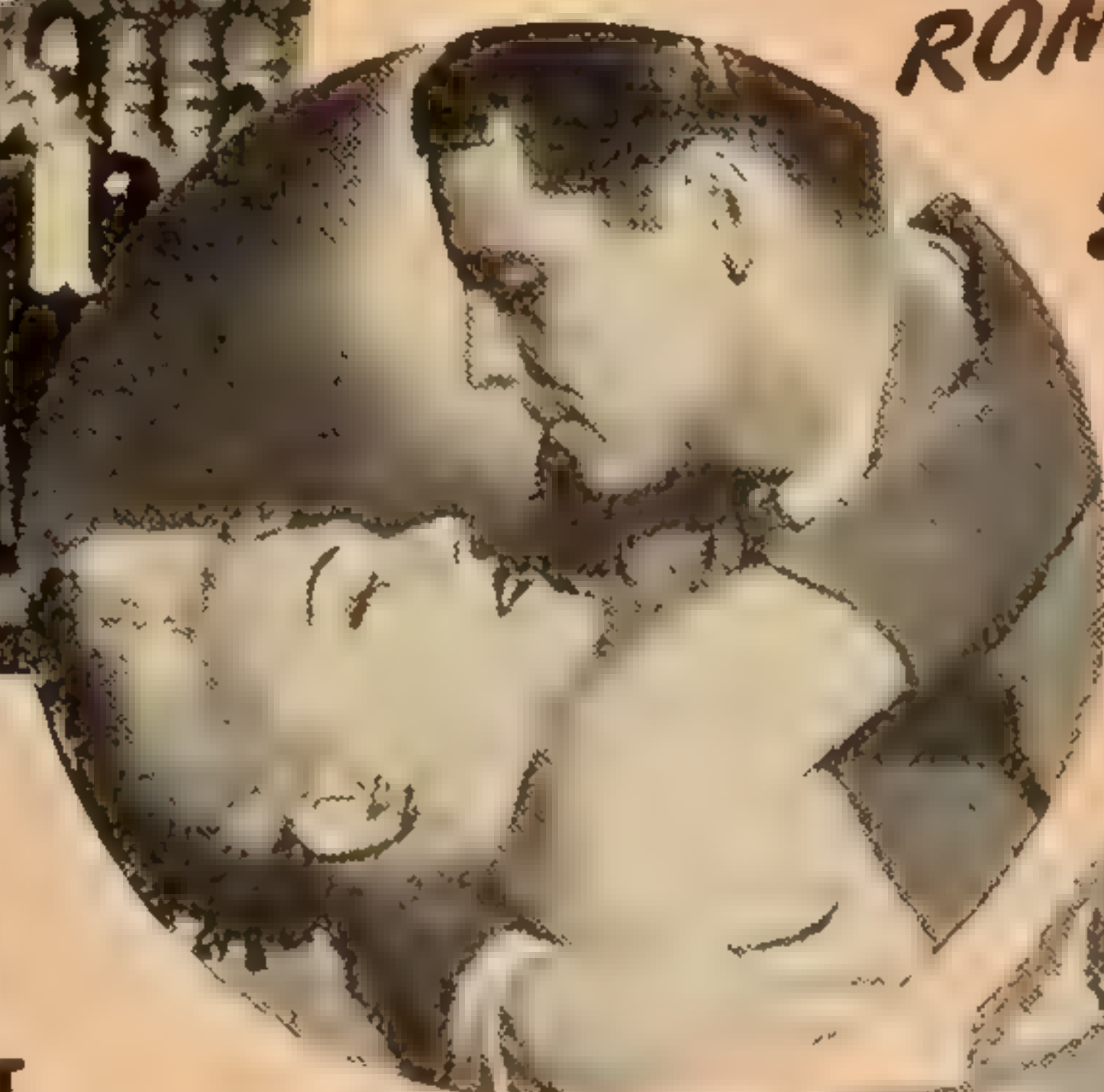
It's the big, musical smash that sets the pace for '44... with a great cast starring Belita, the most talented personality in Hollywood... 4 name bands, dance-happy tunes... and magnificent spectacle!



SHE SKATES

SHE
ROMANCES

SHE
DANCES



with a great cast

JAMES ELLISON

FRICK & FRACK • WALTER CATLETT
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD • MAURICE ST. CLAIR

AND 4 BIG BANDS

HENRY BUSSE
MITCH AYRES
EDDIE LeBARON
LOU BRING

Produced by SCOTT R. DUNLAP
Supervised by William D. Shapiro
Directed by Frank Woodruff
Original story by
Bradbury Foote & Scott R. Dunlap
Screenplay by
Peter Milne & Paul Gerard Smith





Lassie's real name is Pal, but that was changed to fit his movie rôle. A sequel is planned in which he will be called Laddie. At left, with Roddy, who wanted to adopt him. Above, scene shared with Dame May Whitty.

For the first time this Page is dedicated to a four-footed star! The beautiful collie of that fine film, "Lassie Come Home," is the acting sensation of the month, sharing honors with Roddy McDowall in M-G-M's touching screen version of Eric Knight's story, directed by Fred Wilcox. It should happen to a dog!

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE



What many doctors think about  *that cold of yours*

VIRUS frequently starts it

FATIGUE often helps it along

GERMS can make it troublesome

Research showed that antiseptic gargle used early, often and regularly, may help head off a cold or lessen its severity

The time to get after a cold is when it is just getting started. Intelligent precautionary measures may avert a great deal of trouble.

Outstanding medical opinion now holds that a virus initiates many colds. Then a potentially troublesome family of germs, called the Secondary Invaders, may stage a "mass invasion" of throat tissues when body resistance is lowered by fatigue, drafts, wet or cold feet, or sudden changes of temperature.

Attack Germs Before They Attack You

There is considerable evidence to show that if this "mass invasion" can be averted the course of a cold itself may be checked.

That is why it is important, at the very first symptom, to start gargling

with Listerine Antiseptic. This delightful amber germicide reaches way back on throat surfaces, to kill millions of these Secondary Invaders.

That is why, we believe, tests made over a period of twelve years showed such remarkable results.

Fewer Colds & Sore Throats, Tests Showed

Think of it! Those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic regularly twice a day had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. When colds did develop they were generally milder in character.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, it's just plain common sense to start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. Its test record makes it a distinctly worthwhile precaution.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Antiseptic reduced surface germs as much as 96.7% in tests

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

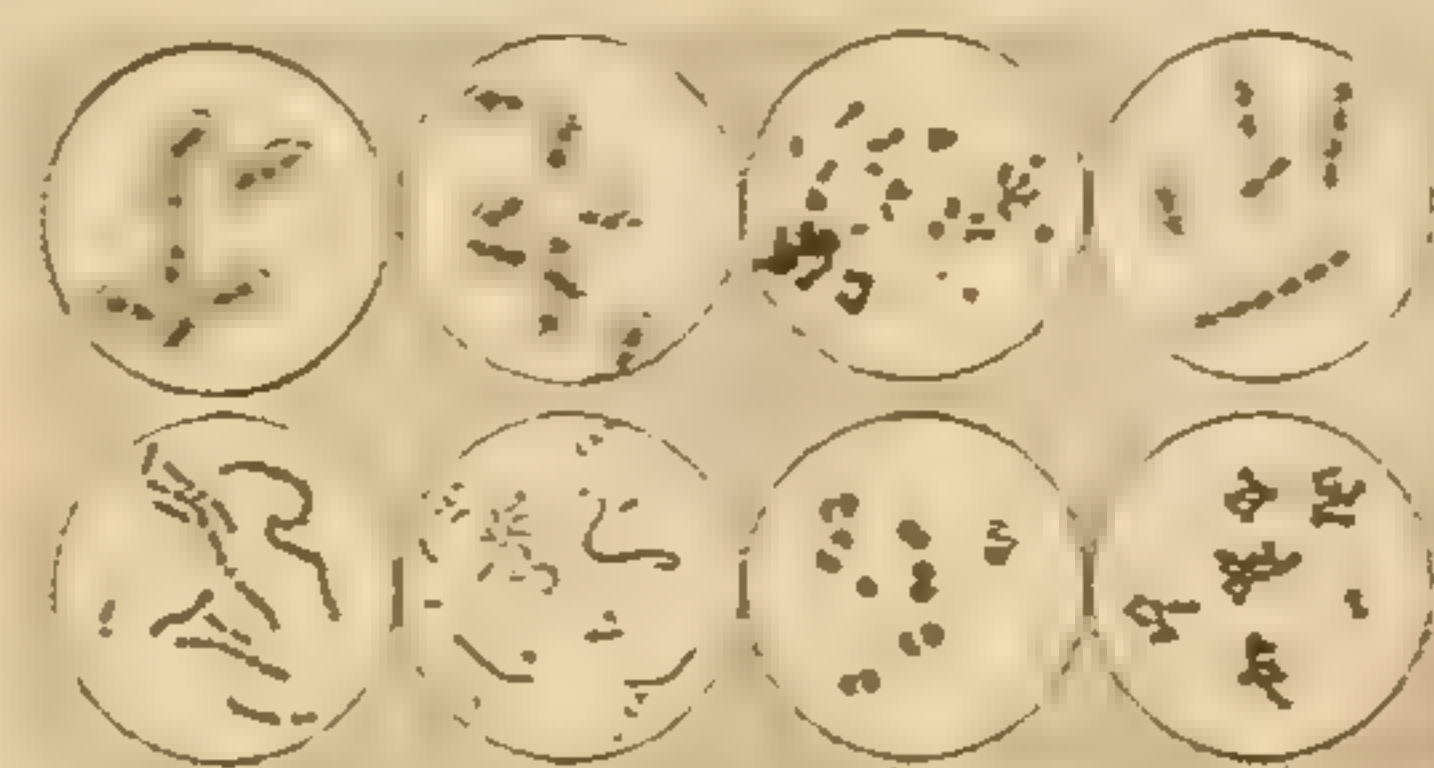


Before



After

The threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus

You can see by their names that they're nothing to fool with. Millions of them can live on mouth and throat surfaces, waiting until body resistance is lowered to strike. You can realize the importance of the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic to try to keep their numbers reduced.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

TRUSTWORTHY, RELIABLE, SAFE FOR MORE THAN 60 YEARS

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in some size.



1



7



2



6

1. Beguiling three-some, miniatures of "Tweed," "A Bientot," and "Con-fetti," in blue box with nosegay peeping through shadow box. Lenthéric.

2. Jolly holiday gift for men, sturdy wooden container of Invisible Talc and wooden shaving bowl with lavender scented soap. Yardley.

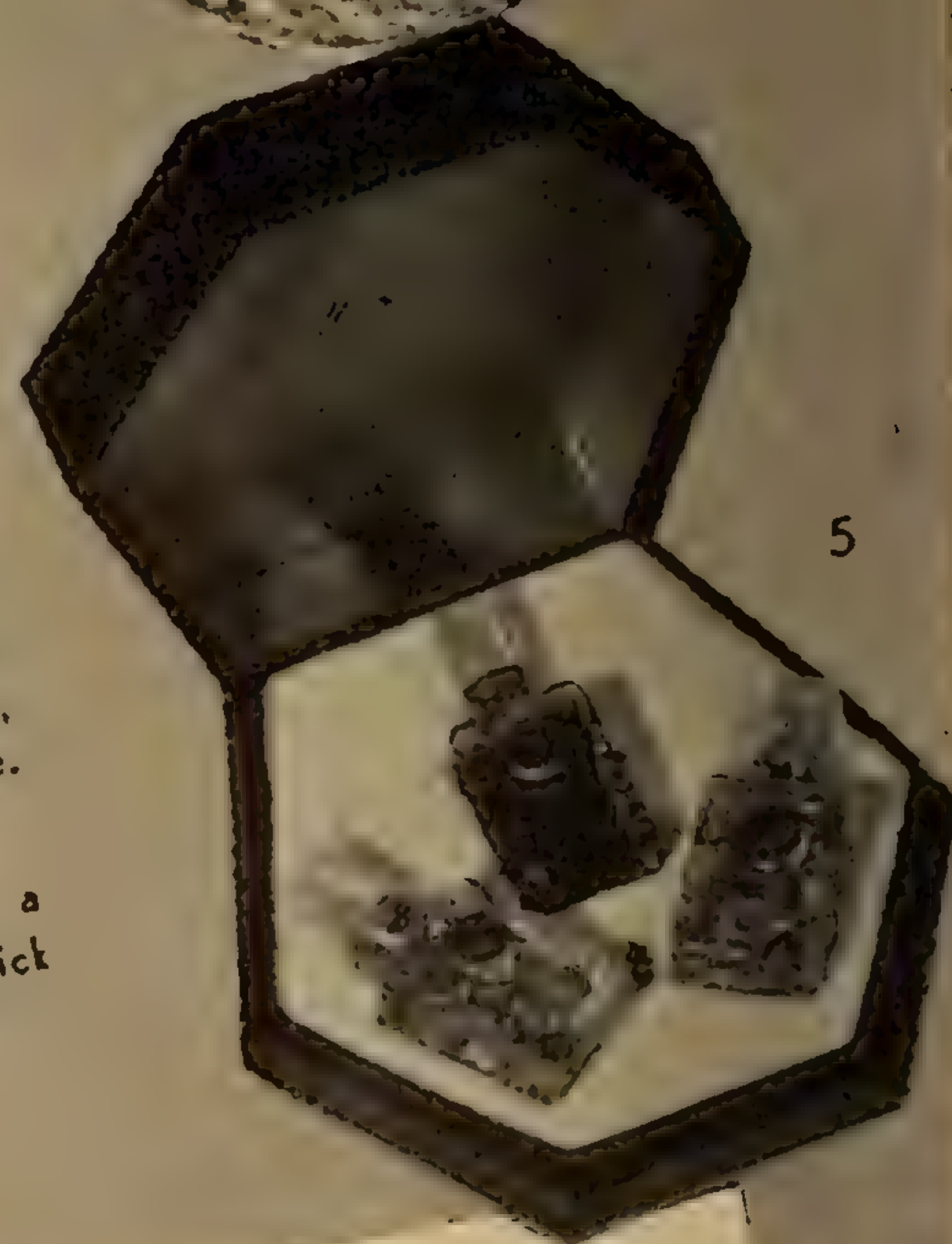
3. For young blades and older men, too, Saddle Club shavo set with gold-and-brown horse-head medallions, a lotion and soap. Wrisley.

4. A tasty package with tasty contents, a carton of cigarettes done up in gay holiday wrapping. Marlboro.

5. Three lush perfumes like three sparkling jewels in their crystal bottles set in a jewel box. Ybry.

6. A charming be-ribboned basket filled with dainty grooming essentials, Muguet toilet water, talc and essence. Coty.

7. For toe of Christmas stocking, a makeup two-some, cherry red lipstick and matching rouge. Don Juan.



5



3



4



FOR

Christmas
Gifts

8



14



8. To welcome in the New Year, a brand-new fragrance, fresh and gay as its name, "Frolic." Cheramy.

9. Enchantment envelops White Flame perfume with flacon stopper a tapered flame, and moire box with tiny flame rising from red hearts. Rubenstein.

10. To flatter the throat and please the heart, exquisite strand of pearls in precious looking jewel box. Deltah.

11. Something young girls can't resist, a truly romantic chest of white, red and gold baroque design, with its secrets for nail beauty. Revlon.

12. A gift from all the family to mother, a deluxe permanent wave, and a package of precious essentials to keep hair pretty. E. Frederics.

13. For practical and welcome gift a huge jar of all-purpose cream. Jergens.

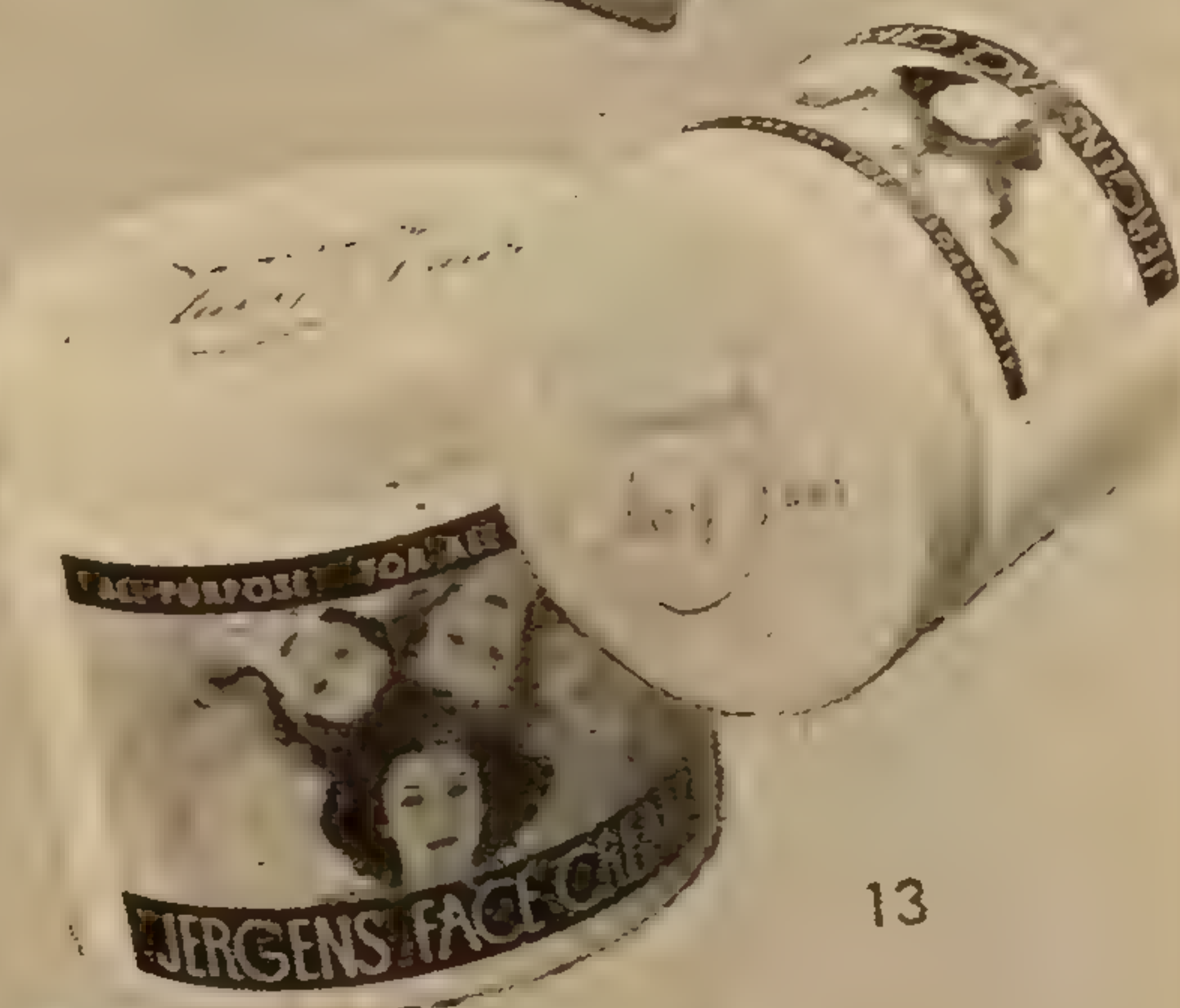
14. In spirited holiday dress, a Daredevil bath set, talcum powder and cologne. Dorothy Gray.

Big ideas in small holiday packages

9



13



10

11



12



CHARLES BOYER ★ BARBARA STANWYCK

★
ROBERT CUMMINGS

★
ROBERT BENCHLEY

★



FLESH AND FANTASY

THE MOTION PICTURE ABOVE ALL!

★
EDWARD G. ROBINSON

★
THOMAS MITCHELL

★

"FLESH AND FANTASY"

starring in the order of their appearance

ROBERT BENCHLEY
BETTY FIELD and ROBERT CUMMINGS
with EDGAR BARRIER

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
— THOMAS MITCHELL — C. AUBREY SMITH
ANNA LEE — DAME MAY WHITTY

CHARLES BOYER and BARBARA STANWYCK
— CHARLES WINNINGER

Directed by JULIEN DUVIVIER + Produced by CHARLES BOYER and JULIEN DUVIVIER

Screenplay by Eileen Purcell — Samuel Hoffenstein — Ellis St. Joseph Based on Stories by Oscar Wilde — Laslo Vaday — Ellis St. Joseph

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

So different—it
defies comparison. So
enthralling—it has no equal.
So powerful—only these
great Stars could live its
matchless roles!

"FLESH AND FANTASY"
Without precedent. Beyond
compare. A drama of love...
of hate...of terror
...of volcanic
emotion...
Unfolding with
all the terrifying
realness of your own
life...the story of Four
Fates...Eight Lives...
any one of which could
be *Yours!*

BETTY FIELD ★ CHARLES WINNINGER

SCREENLAND

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO ANN SHERIDAN

DEAR Miss Ex-Oomph:

Congratulations on making the jump from oomph to art so gracefully.

It was fun to see you again, and a big surprise, too. You know on your last visit to New York, four years ago, you were still on the way up. It was natural to find you gay and eager and nice. With your red hair and your husky voice and your shapely chassis you lived up to your title of Miss Oomph every inch. Certainly I never dreamed—and you didn't, either—that one day you'd be playing in heavy drama such as "Kings Row" and "Edge Of Darkness," in parts concealing your oomph but revealing all your ability as an actress. Right now I consider you the most versatile actress on the screen—who else can turn from sombre drama to "Shine On, Harvest Moon" with such ease and assurance as Sheridan?

So I was surprised when I saw you again, to find the same warmth and gaiety, the same unspoiled verve that



Sheridan the Pin-Up Girl in a glamor pose, here. Top, Ann the real girl, fed up with phoniness.

you had before you ever heard of Art with a big A. I've seen it happen so often to swell gals, and boys, when fame hits them in the teeth: the Big Star Act, so brittle, so bored, and so boring. Well, I found that you're fed-up, all right, but only with being a Pin-Up. Not that you wouldn't wear your fingers to the bone autographing leg art if it would make the servicemen any happier; but you happen to believe that most of the boys enjoy a little variety, hence your hilarious act that wows 'em at the Canteen, with you the beautiful stooge for Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson, who introduce you as "Ann Sothern" and show you no reverence whatsoever. You're one star who is prouder of her farm than her form; you boast about your cow and your chickens and your collection of Mexican records, but never about your fan mail. It's nice to know you, Miss Fed-Up.

Delight Evans

"A SOLDIER MUST HAVE LOVE!"



Ann and her husband,
Cadet Robert Sterling.

With rare sympathy and understanding, the famous Maisie of the movies speaks to other soldiers' wives on the subject uppermost in their minds and hearts

Says

Ann Southern



THE QUICKEST way to lose a friend is to give him good advice! A wise saying, this. One I've always remembered and tried to observe. Unlike my girl friend *Maisie*, I think it's dangerous business to mix into other people's lives and problems.

When I married Robert Sterling, hundreds of letters poured in from girls asking me if I thought they should marry their boy-in-uniform, too. I read these letters carefully. In some I recognized questions I had many times asked myself. I knew only too well what was going on in the hearts and minds of those girls. I was deeply sympathetic.

During filming of "Cry Havoc" at M-G-M, Bob visited Ann on the set, joined by Joan Blondell. Top left, note Ann's sincerity as she chats with soldier at Texas hospital. Upper right, striking closeup of the star of the all-woman drama, "Cry Havoc."

Every Hollywood star receives mail. But somehow I didn't regard these as fan letters. I didn't feel they were sent to be flattering—addressed to me simply because I happened to be the movie star bride of the month. I recognized a certain feeling of friendship, a bond that exists today between women whose men are serving their country.

"A girl marries for companionship," (Please turn to page 64)



MEET MIMI

She's new, she's
lovely, you'll like her!

There's a new girl in movie town! Meet Mimi Forsythe, who makes film bow in United Artists' "Three Russian Girls" and her second appearance in Benedict Bogeaus' production of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," based on the Thornton Wilder story. Miss Forsythe, a Pittsburgh product, will next be starred in "There Goes Lona Henry," the somewhat sensational novel by Polan Banks.

Photos by Maurine





With Best Wishes
To all you
Screenland readers
Gratefully
Paul Pinatas



For fun and excitement,
follow Miss Betty Hutton
on her tempestuous tour

Blonde BLITZING

THE Hollywood Bond Cavalcade, tired but happy in a job well done, came back to Hollywood the other day after a 10,091-mile stretch across the country. They were gone twenty-three days (without laundry) and played to 7,000,000 people in fifteen cities from one coast to the other. They sold \$1,079,586,819 worth of bonds for the Third War Loan.

While a Navy band played *California Here I Come*, such Cavalcaders as Fred Astaire, Lucille Ball, James Cagney, Judy Garland, Greer Garson, Kathryn Grayson, Betty Hutton, Jose Iturbi, Kay Kyser, Harpo Marx, Dick Powell and Mickey Rooney dragged their weary bodies off the red, white and blue special, and said yes, they were glad to be home, but they wouldn't have missed this tour for anything in the world. No, they didn't want to parade down Hollywood and Vine. They just wanted to



Left, Betty drops in to see her favorite teacher, Miss Deborah Jones, in 7-B arithmetic. Here, she hugs her Uncle Bub (Mr. H. A. Dene).

"CHIN-UP GIRL"

She's a famous movie star, but she has to face the same problems as every other wife whose husband is away at war. Exclusive interview with Barbara Stanwyck

deadly time. You hear a car in the drive and for a few brief seconds you live in the past. You start for the stairs, and then it all comes back with sort of a sickening thud. He's thousands of miles away."

Barbara has a great many friends in Hollywood. Just as Sergeant Brown's wife has friends in Kansas City, and Lieutenant Jones' wife has loads of friends in Birmingham. But during that period of adjustment friends, though they have the kindest intentions in the world, are more of a nuisance than a help. As Barbara says, "People can be *too* good."

Friends think they should invite Tom's wife to dinner or a movie or a party every night so she won't feel neglected. "Just because old Tom's not here now we don't want Laura to think we don't want her any more," they say, dialing her number. And then when Tom's wife, trying not to hurt their feelings, says she had rather stay home really than be a wet blanket at a party, they joyously

chirp, "Now, honey, you'll just sit there all by yourself and mope. Put on your glad rags, we're coming right over to take you dancing."

"I simply don't want to go to dinners and parties," said Barbara seriously. "Maybe I'm different. But I don't think I am. Later on I'll want to go out, perhaps, but right now I must adjust myself to a new kind of life. I went to one party. My friends kept assuring me that I was going into a quick decline, so just to shut them up I went out one night. Mary and Jack Benny picked me up and we went to a party at Arnabella and Ty Powers—Ty was home on his first leave. I have been there many times with Bob. We've had wonderful evenings there. But I had such a peculiar feeling being there that night without Bob. When no one was looking I sneaked out of a side door and went home."

A few weeks after Bob left for Texas Barbara sold their big, expensive home in Beverly Hills, and moved to a small compact house on the other side of the bridge path. "After Bob left I just sat upstairs in my bedroom and read until all hours of the night. The rest of the house was in utter darkness and looked as gloomy as a funeral. I wouldn't even go down- (Please turn to page 68)

First pictures of Lieutenant (j.g.) Robert Taylor in uniform. Bob has lost twenty pounds since he has been at the air base, works hard and loves it. Far left, facing page, Barbara and Bob, their favorite closeup together. Next, scene from final Taylor film for the duration, M-G-M's "Song of Russia," in which Susan Peters appears opposite Taylor.



BEST RÔLE!

He's known in Uncle Sam's great cast as Lt. Ragnar G. Lind, but film fans remember him as Jeffrey Lynn



He likes Army life but wants to go back to pictures after the war is over, to direct as well as act. Meanwhile he tells in this exclusive interview "the tremendous good the Army has done him."

By
**Lillian
Blackstone**



JEFFREY LYNN, playing the best rôle of his career—that of a lieutenant in the Signal Corps division, U. S. Army Air Forces—is even more newsworthy now than when he stirred feminine hearts in "Four Daughters," "Four Mothers," "Million Dollar Baby," "Underground," "Law of the Tropics" and other motion pictures.

He's known in Uncle Sam's great cast as Lt. Ragnar G. Lind,

the name given him when he was born in Auburn, Mass., but to folks who remember him in pictures and to those who recognize him as he passes them in khaki and GI shoes, he's still Jeffrey Lynn.

We asked him about his public when we interviewed him at Drew Field, Tampa, Florida, where he is carrying on as administrative, intelligence, personnel and athletic officer—and still finding time, although little of it, (Please turn to page 70)

HOLIDAY GREETINGS
FROM MARGARET O'BRIEN!

This little star is only six, but she knows the best way to celebrate — with a Christmas tree decorated with war bonds and stamps. Margaret's new picture is "Lost Angel," for M-G-M.



TEAM WORK

By John R. Franchey



The Allbritton-Paige team scored in "Fired Wife," made further hit with their public when they visited New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia on personal appearance tour. Here they are in informal as well as professional photos.

It's nice work if you can get it, and Louise Allbritton and Robert Paige have got it. Meet these gay new team-mates





ROBERT PAIGE thinks Louise Allbritton is a "big overgrown kid," Louise Allbritton thinks Robert Paige is a "good-natured jerk," and the motion picture critics, who ought to know, think that Paige and Allbritton, thanks to their turns in "Fired Wife," are slightly terrific, terrific enough, anyway, to help fill the niche in goofy comedy occupied heretofore by the team of Powell and Loy.

To observe this combination close up, a combination you will be seeing again soon in "Her Primitive Man," your reporter traipsed over to Manhattan's Sherry-Netherland Hotel, paused somewhat hesitantly in front of Suite 14-F, listened apprehensively, heard nothing, shrugged, and rang the bell—very tentatively.

A tall blonde lady with a warm smile opened the door. "I'm Louise Allbritton," she said, her voice playing see-saw. "Won't you come in?" The reporter advanced cautiously. "That's him behind the book," Miss Allbritton said, pointing north northwest. "Please don't be alarmed. The book is merely a prop. He doesn't read."

A tall citizen in a smart gray pin-striped suit disengaged himself and ambled over. He shrugged, grinned. "Being interviewed is still enough of a novelty to bring out the ham," he said. "Only yesterday, it was an event of major importance to receive so much as a knee-pants reporter from a high school paper. Frankly, I hope the novelty never wears off."

Miss Allbritton thought it would be a good idea if everybody sat down before Mr. Paige got to feeling sorry for himself.

Dressed in black, her hair piled on top of her head, Miss Allbritton made a fine picture, reposing against a flowered love seat. On the other side of the room, Mr. Paige wasn't doing half bad himself, stretched out in an arm chair, his long legs propped on an ottoman.

For a while, there was an awkward silence and then (Please turn to page 82)





Girls!

Frances Langford Tells What Servicemen Think of You

A GROUP of American soldiers were talking animatedly with some charming English girls. The English girls perked up under this attention. They were happy that the Yanks apparently liked them.

Then suddenly a single American girl—a WAC—walked down the street. She wasn't particularly beautiful. She didn't look like a nifty from Earl Carroll's show and she most decidedly wasn't a second Hedy Lamarr. Yet, as though a signal had suddenly been given, the entire group of American boys immediately deserted the English girls to flock around that single American girl.

"It was an English girl who told me that story," Frances Langford said. "She told it a bit ruefully. It goes to prove that no matter where they go, American servicemen prefer American girls. The American girls don't have to be pretty—just the fact that they're from home gives the boys a thrill.

Girls from the United States are first in their hearts. The American boys say—I've heard them—'Just give me a good old American girl.'

"Although American servicemen admire British femininity, I heard of only one boy marrying an English girl while I was there. I've seen some awfully pretty English girls—I like them very much—but the boys prefer American girls.

"Still, I do think that there are lots of things we girls could learn from the British. They are so wonderfully polite for one thing. We American girls are accustomed to getting whatever we demand just by asking for it. So when we enter a restaurant, we say, 'Coffee, eggs, bread and butter—white toast,' when we give our order. But the English girl wouldn't think of asking for anything without prefacing it by the word 'please.' I think that's rather charming; and I was so impressed by it that while I was in England I did (Please turn to page 78)



By
Dora
Albert



Bob Hope and Frances Langford met General Doolittle—see those smiles in photo taken at Tunis Beach, at far left. Above, in front of the General's villa. Bottom of page: just a section of crowd of 19,000 soldiers who listened to Langford's songs in Sicily, after the men had returned from triumph in Messina.

**Scoop! Popular
pint-sized singing
star gives us her
first exclusive in-
terview since her
return from over-
seas with Bob Hope**





Marguerite, left, with her mother and father. Above, from the family album, with two of her four brothers.

By
Margaret
Chapman

HOW TO BRING UP A GLAMOR GIRL

AT FIRST it always struck me as being funny when people asked how it felt to be the mother of a glamor girl. You see, none of us in the family could think of Marguerite that way. Glamor seems so far removed from the Chapman family! It was something the heroine of a fiction story had, or a movie star, or a cover girl.

Why, yes of course, we'd think, Marguerite is a Powers model and her picture is often on magazine covers but that doesn't make her any different than she was when she was working as a telephone operator. And afterwards, when she went to Hollywood and we would see her on the screen, she was still just Marguerite to us.

For how can a mother think of her daughter as a glamor girl when she really hasn't changed at all from the neighborhood tomboy who could stand on her head on a water hydrant longer than any of the boys, and who made the mothers of other little girls feel rather smug about their own well-behaved little daughters? No mother could have felt smug about Marguerite. She was too full of surprises for that. Sometimes when friends asked us what we would like her to be when

she grew up her father and I would take a long breath and look at each other. "A young lady," we'd say.

We never thought of what any of our children's futures were going to be. They belonged to the children themselves and it wasn't our right to decide for them in advance. I've seen too many parents break their own hearts and their sons' and daughters', too, trying to make them something they didn't want to be or couldn't be. Their father and I always treated Marguerite and the boys as individuals from the time they were babies and never felt we owned them just because we had the good luck to be their parents.

The other day, a woman I know who has her mind set on her little girl becoming an actress, asked me for what she called my formula for bringing up Marguerite. Formula, I thought, why it's nothing as scientific as that. It's more like my grandmother's recipe for a cake, a handful of this and a pinch of that, calling for your own judgment rather than careful measurements. Every time I make that cake, I change the things I use according to whatever happens to be in my pantry at the time. Sometimes I use nuts and sometimes

mother had no magic formula, but she did a good job of raising a tomboy to be a movie star



All four of Marguerite Chapman's brothers are in Uncle Sam's service. Above, greeting brother Harold of the Coast Guard. Above center, cherished baby picture of the starlet; and at twelve, in a school show.

raisins, sometimes I have chocolate icing and sometimes orange. Only the necessary fundamentals remain the same.

That's the way it was with bringing up Marguerite too. Whatever methods I used were those the occasion called for. But of course there *were* the fundamentals.

There was the house in Chatham, next door to the church, the big rambling fifteen-room house which had been the parsonage before the new one was built. It had a chestnut tree in the front yard and a chicken pen in the back, and there was so much space both inside and out that all the children of the neighborhood could play hide and seek to their hearts' content. There were her brothers to teach her that most wonderful of all characteristics, a sense of fair play, and the spirit of give and take. There was the dog called Trixie. And the cat, Tabby, who was a kitten when Marguerite was a baby. He was her favorite playmate and she used to dress him up in doll clothes and wheel him in her toy carriage. There was always fun, and there were always certain responsibilities, too.

When Marguerite had a party, she knew that it was up to her, as the hostess, to get things ready for her friends. When she wanted something she earned the money for it herself. She was paid five cents a week for helping me in the house but she had other ways of making money too. She'd take care of children while their parents were out and once she sold eight boxes of candy bars to get a pair of roller-skates as a premium.

One of our neighbors was quite disapproving about it. "We always give our Peggy everything she wants," she said. "Don't you think it embitters Marguerite to have to work for those same things?"

"No, I don't," I told her. "I think a self-made person is much more understanding, and kinder and more generous, than people who've always had things made too easy for them." And Marguerite herself told me not long ago that she was glad she had always had *(Please turn to page 76)*



Diary

By

Helmut
Dantone



"Here I am in free America. Here I have been given a new birthright. Here I am allowed to do the work I love!" It's an inspiring story this brilliant young actor tells here — of his experiences from concentration camp to Hollywood

OF A NEW AMERICAN

IT WAS just a little over five years ago—March 13, 1938, to be exact. Austria was invaded. In a split second Vienna turned grey. Swastikas seemed to ooze out of the very cracks in the walls. German flags on every building. German soldiers everywhere. German feet marching—marching right into the very heart of a nation with hobnail boots. Telephone wires cut. No more waltzes—just blaring music.

Just a little over five years ago, I say. Sometimes it seems like five thousand. Here I am in America. Free America. Here I have been given a new birthright. Here I have been allowed to do the work I love. Freedom—a blessed word in a blessed country. In due time I too shall be an American. A new American and a grateful one.

As I look back over those eventful five years—what memories bless and burn! Starting with the invasion of Austria: a beautiful, brilliant Sunday morning it was. Of course there had been rumblings. War rumors. Like all peace-loving people, we said, "It couldn't happen to us." Then it happened. A cloud over the sun. Five hundred Nazi dive bombers all at one time in the sky. Motorized Nazi units belching through the streets. A stricken people watching with horrified eyes as the swastika went up over the city hall. No one cried. No one shouted. They just watched, and died a little inside.

At the time I was an officer of the Reserve Corps. My father was a govern-
(Please turn to page 72)



Family-album pictures of Helmut, with his younger brother Walter. Above, in Austrian national costume, when Helmut graduated from high school at eighteen. Right, at five and at seven. Dantine is seen, center facing page, with another Warner discovery, pretty Faye Emerson.



AND SO, they were married—Martha O'Driscoll and Lieutenant Commander Richard D. Adams!

This high-lighted chapter in one of Hollywood's most glamorous romances took place Saturday evening, September 18th, at seven-thirty, in the flower-bedecked Beverly Vista Community Church in Beverly Hills. The Rev. Myron Nichols, pastor of the North Hollywood Presbyterian Church, of which Martha is a member, performed the ceremony. She was a radiant bride. Her wedding gown, made by Vera West, stylist for Universal, Martha's home studio, was of heavy white satin-backed crepe, with a bodice of lovely Brussels lace. This had been brought to her from Europe when she was a baby by a friend of the family, for just this occasion. The long sleeves end in ruffles of illusion, and the snug skirt flares into a short train. A tiny Juliet cap of Brussels lace with a halo topped her honey-colored curls, and she carried the rose-point lace handkerchief that both her mother and grandmother carried at their weddings.

Martha's grandfather gave her away; Frances Sanford, who has been her stand-in for four years, was maid of honor; Barbara Britton and Mrs. Anne O'Driscoll, wife of her older brother,

"I'll wait for her to grow up!" said Dick when Martha's mother told him she was only thirteen. And wait he did. Left above, first picture of the Adamses after their marriage. Center, the first snapshot Dick ever gave Martha. Above, holiday fun and Winter sports at Big Bear, in 1935.

were bridesmaids, and her seven-year-old cousin, Judy Enlows, was flower girl. The groom, who is tall, dark, and very handsome, was splendid in his Navy uniform, as were his best man and ushers, officer friends from his aircraft carrier.

Following the reception held in the spacious parlors of the church, the newlyweds slipped quietly away for a two weeks' honeymoon at Carmel-by-the-Sea, the most romantic spot along the entire Pacific Coast.

This was the wedding. But the story behind it holds all the flavor of a lyric poem of young love.

They first met one evening in 1935, when Martha, her mother and grandmother were invited to be guests of honor at a theater party. Arriving at the playhouse, they were seated with three other honor guests, Mrs. A. D. Adams, her daughter Martha, from Embridge, Pa., and her son Richard, Annapolis graduate of 1932, stationed at San Diego. It all proved very congenial



THE

Bride Grew Up

By Maude Cheatham

More romantic than fiction is the real-life love story of beautiful, blonde Martha O'Driscoll and tall, dark, and handsome Lt. Comdr. Richard Adams

and before the evening was over, young Richard was telling Mrs. O'Driscoll that his mother and sister were returning home the next day, and asking if he might call on Martha.

After several visits, the mother decided to tell him that while Martha looked older, she was just thirteen. After the first surprise, Dick gaily exclaimed, "So what? I'll wait for her to grow up." And wait he did. There were visits whenever possible, and always daily letters. These invariably included comedy cartoons, sketches and amusing poems, and became a regular feature in her life during the intervening years. Also they did much toward establishing a *(Please turn to page 81)*

Martha's latest picture is "Crazy House," with Olsen and Johnson. She will continue her picture career, having just signed a new contract with Universal, and for the duration will live with her mother and brother Paul. See exclusive home pictures below.



John Wayne



My request, this close-up in full color of the star war, star of Republic's "In Old Oklahoma."

CLOSEUP OF A

Cowboy

JOHN WAYNE, all 190 pounds of him, is back on his home lot again. Ever so often John dashes out to Universal to exchange fierce fisticuffs with Randy Scott, or over to Paramount to fight Mr. DeMille's octopus with the baby blue eyes, or down to RKO to make Western he-man love to cute cracked-voice Jean Arthur. But sooner or later, and more sooner than later, he always gets back to Republic—the studio that happens to have a paper he signed on the dotted line.

In the picture he is making now, "The Fighting Seabees," John plays a lieutenant commander of the U. S. Navy who is in charge of a construction gang in the South Pacific. This branch of the service is called the Seabees. The picture is being filmed at Camp Pendleton, one of Uncle Sam's largest Army camps, on a stretch of beach located somewhere in the State of California. Same beach where a few months ago the Marines landed for Twentieth Century-Fox's "Guadalcanal Diary." When "Guadalcanal Diary," the authentic story of what happened at Guadalcanal, was previewed recently at an out-of-town theater one of the preview cards, written in a mas-

culine hand, read, "A swell picture. But it badly needs one thing—Betty Grable." Twentieth was stuck with history. The only way they could get Betty Grable on Guadalcanal was over a soldier's cot in a pin-up picture.

Republic's going to do better than that. They've signed Susan Hayward, another favorite pin-up girl, to give a little feminine allure, or shall we be vulgar and just say sex appeal, to the gusty, lusty "Fighting Seabees." Although the picture has been in production several weeks as we write this, the studio hasn't yet figured out what to do about Susan and John and the romance department. But they will.

John would like to keep on wearing his Navy uniform for keeps. A few months ago he made an application at Washington for a naval commission in any branch of the service they would take him. To date he hasn't heard.

John has been under contract to Republic since 1938, when they signed him to play the lead in the *Three Mesquiteers* series. The rumor is that Republic got a big bargain. John was down on his luck at the time. He'd been dropped by Fox in 1931 when "The Big Trail," his first picture, turned out to be a big flop. He'd talked himself out of the *Singin' Sam* series of Westerns he was doing for Lone Star Productions. (With customary frankness John had said, "I can't sing. If you want a singing cowboy why don't you get a guy who can sing?" They did—Gene Autry.) And the action melodrams he had done for Monogram were (Please turn to page 89)

That young man of the Old West, John Wayne, turns out to be as rugged and casual as he screens

By

Liza

In his latest Western, 190-pound, six-foot-two John Wayne makes he-man love to dainty Martha Scott. Here they are, left, in scene from "In Old Oklahoma," based on story, "War of the Wild Cats." Below, John and Martha as guests at an Army camp.





MAKING
"MADAME
CURIE"





Presenting the screen's
First Lady, Greer Gar-
son, in her most distin-
guished role—the great
scientist, Marie Curie



First pictures of a mighty motion picture in the making. "Madame Curie," adapted from Eve Curie's biography of her mother, is directed by Mervyn LeRoy—shown above spraying "perspiration" on Miss Garson's face for a closeup. In actually performing laboratory experiments for the picture, the star worked up some real perspiration, the director just adding the finishing touches. Top, Miss Garson with Margaret O'Brien, who plays her daughter, Irene Curie. Facing page, top left, LeRoy amuses his stars, Walter Pidgeon (bearded for rôle of Monsieur Curie) and Greer between arduous scenes; and Miss Garson, in makeup as ageing Madame Curie, scans script with M-G-M executive Howard Dietz.

Maria and the New Menace

Turhan Bey, "the terrific Turk," pursues gorgeous Montez in the new film, "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves"



Montez plays a Bagdad belle of the 13th century, and Turhan Bey a desert fighting man in Universal's new Technicolor fantasy. Below, provocative scene which Maria and Turhan share with newcomer Ramsay Ames. Left, action closeup of the latest young man to cause femme cinema patrons to swoon in the aisles.



A Letter to My Son

By *Edward Arnold*



DEAR BILL:

I have been very conscious lately of the effect your part in the war has had on mother, Jane and myself.

As you know, a great many planes pass over our house, test pilots trying out new ships for the various plane factories in this area. In the old days, you'll recall, we took their passing so much as a matter of course. We never bothered to run to the window, or even to look up if we were out-of-doors. But now that you are in the air service, life is different. Your dad says, learnedly, "That's a Mustang," while Mother argues violently, "It can't be," giving technical reasons!

But of course we Arnolds who remain at home are not alone in this preoccupation with the job of a son in the service. Such little dramas as I have outlined above are repeated in millions of American homes every day of every week. And as long as they are repeated, America will continue to be great. For the strength of the family tie has been one of the greatest assets of our country.

I know in the many past months you have worked very hard, and I am proud of the progress you have made. I know when they assigned you to your present task of flying two-motor planes on mission work to prepare you for the piloting of four-motor ships and then on to becoming an instructor of bomber pilots, it did not seem to set very well with you for the reason, like all the other young men that are in your branch of the service, your desire was to "go across" and do a little more than instructing others to become flyers; but then on the other hand, if a young man is competent enough to become an instructor it is my belief that he is more valuable in training say 500 others how to do it, than he would be just flying a plane alone in a war zone. So don't worry about it. It has always been my thought that in turning out a good trick dog, the trainer must know more than the dog.

I have just returned after several weeks entertaining the men in Army camps, naval bases and hospitals up and down the coast. It is truly hard to describe the reception the actor gets while doing this work because (Please turn to page 88)

From this personal letter addressed to Lieut. William Edward Arnold of the U.S.A. Air Forces by his father, Hollywood's finest character actor, you will learn where the character in this family comes in!



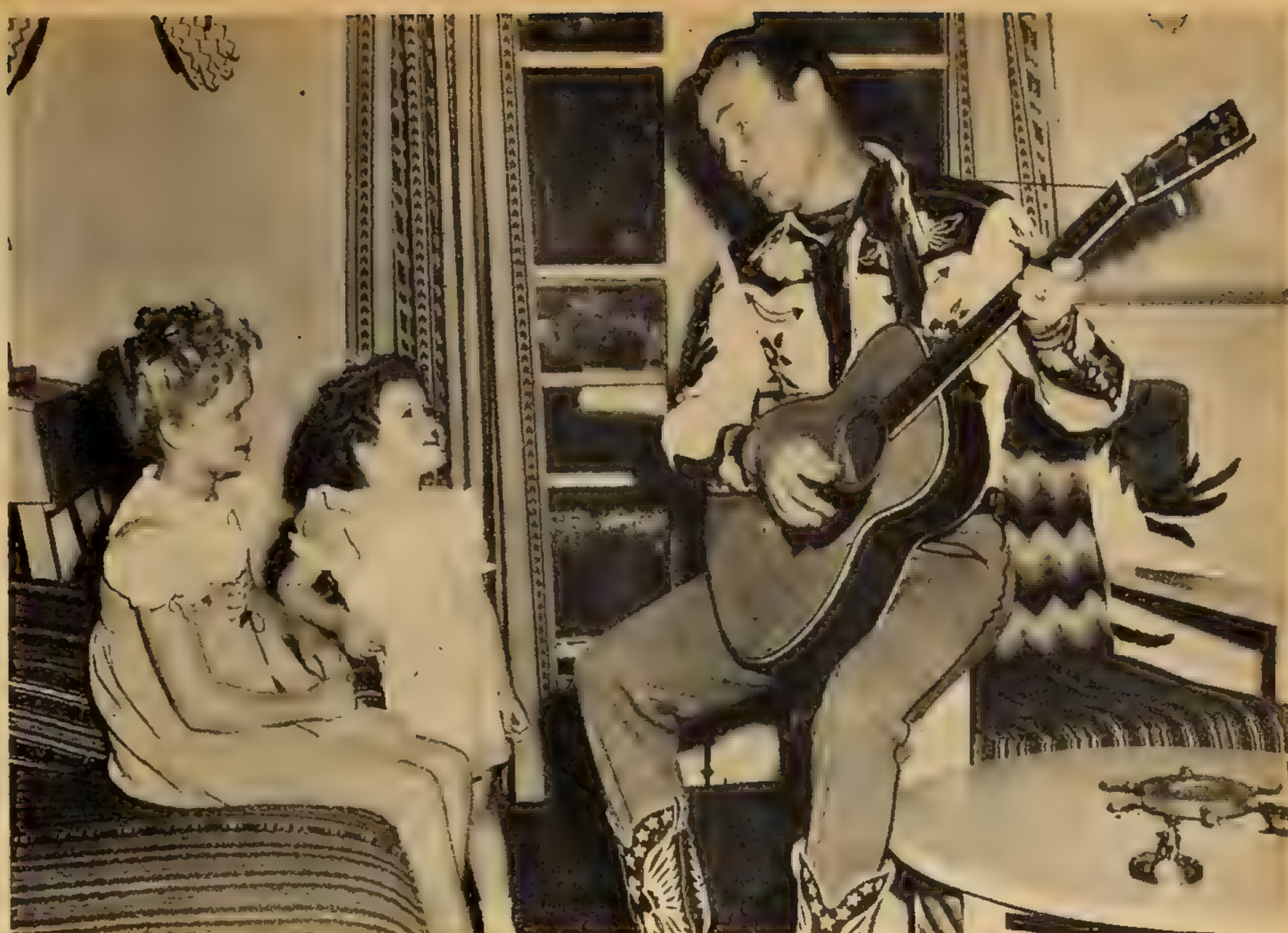
Proud father pins coveted U.S.A. Air Forces wings on son (top). Pretty girl is Lieut. Arnold's wife. At right, the senior Arnolds out for an evening of fun after Eddie has finished his latest M-G-M film.



At left: Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and Cheryl welcome Twinkle to their home. Above: Rogers and his guest admire the recent addition to the family.

ROY ROGERS' *Girls*

King of the Cowboys has three lovely ladies in his life: wife Arlene, daughter Cheryl Darlene, new baby Linda Lou. Exclusive photos show the Rogers family entertaining a little guest, Twinkle Watts, screen's latest child star



Twinkle Watts can sing, too. You'll meet his most recent addition to the screen's juvenile star roster in "Gay Blades."



When Cheryl was just a baby she wouldn't go to sleep until Pop sang to her with guitar accompaniment. She's still his most faithful fan.



Roy shows Twinkle around the place, points with pride to his hobby, the pigeons. It's a treat for Republic's newly signed kid star.



Cheryl has a big collection of dolls, thanks to her doting daddy, and shows them off to little Miss Watts in the cheerful Rogers nursery.





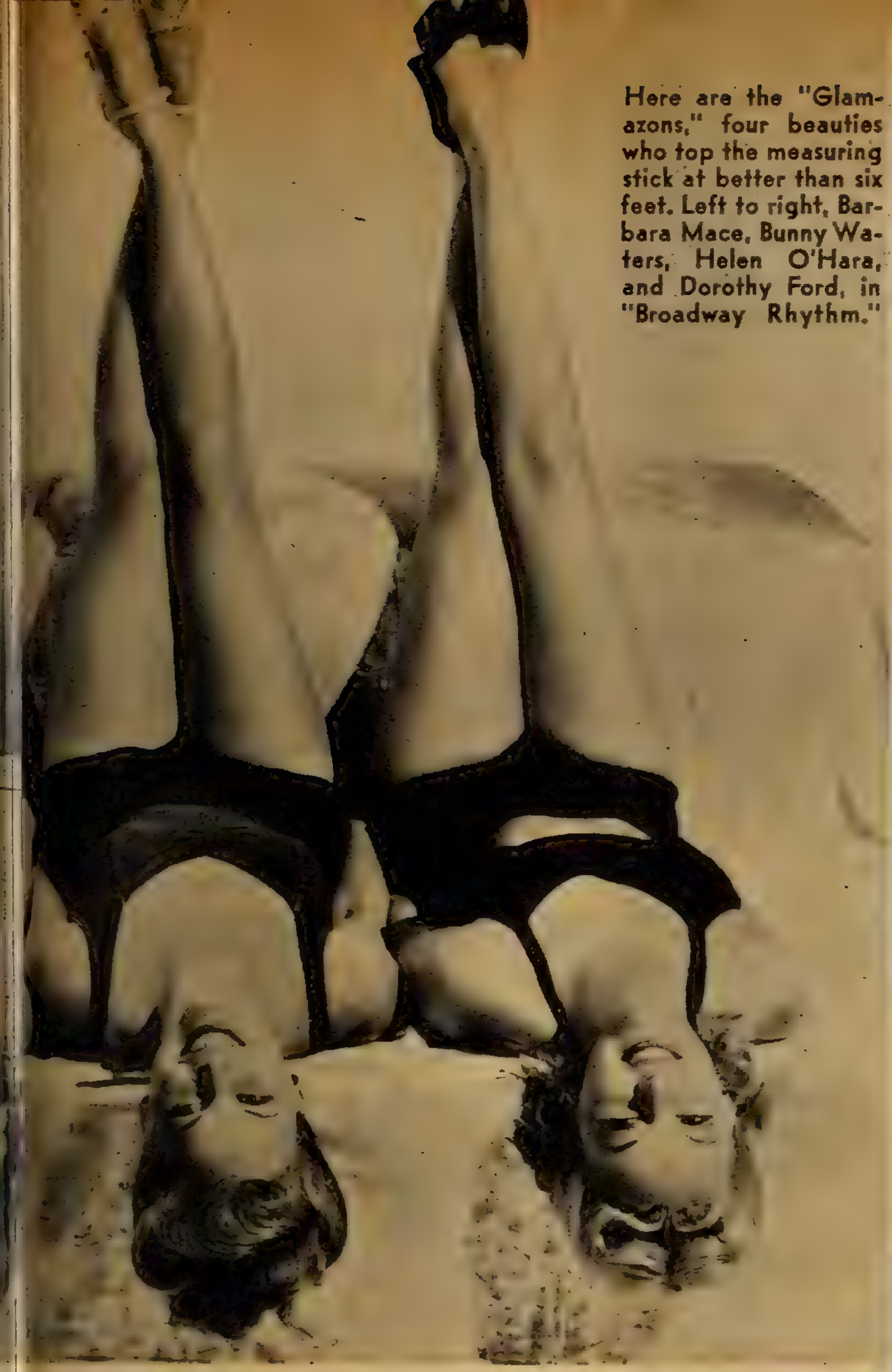
Still in her early twenties, gorgeous Tamara Toumanova leaves a dazzling career in the ballet for an unpredictable future in Hollywood. Her first picture will present her as a Russian dancer of today who, when last while entertaining at the front, wanders into the hideaway of a guerrilla band and enslaves its leader with her beauty. Opposite her is Gregory Peck, another newcomer (shown at upper left on facing page). Fascinating studies of Toumanova are by famed RKO-Radio camera artist Ernest A. Bachrach.

The Many Moods of Toumanova

Heavenly Bodies



Her studio, M-G-M, swears it is mere coincidence that Hedy Lamarr posed for her first "leg art" while making her new picture, "The Heavenly Body," in which she co-stars with William Powell. Anyway, it's a simply divine idea.



Here are the "Glam-azons," four beauties who top the measuring stick at better than six feet. Left to right, Barbara Mace, Bunny Waters, Helen O'Hara, and Dorothy Ford, in "Broadway Rhythm."



Lucille Ball, at right, always has her "Best Foot Forward."



Left, another view of Dorothy Ford, of M-G-M's beauty brigade.



The sweet little singing star of M-G-M's "Thousands Cheer" shines in satin, above. Her dinner suit, cocoa-colored, has subtle fullness at both shoulder and hipline of the dressmaker jacket. Straight, slim skirt emphasizes soft drapery of the coat. Topped with a tiny cloche, shown closeup at top right—the feather trim enhancing the charm of Miss Grayson's piquant profile.

The day of the buxom diva is done forever—we hope, when we look at Kathryn Grayson's slight but curvaceous figure. The little girl with the big voice is ingénue in appearance, but a true prima donna when it comes to making with the coloratura. At right, trim example of the Grayson chic: lemon-colored one-piece woolen dress with long waistline, full skirt, high neckline.





Fashions that *SING*

Songbird Kathryn Grayson chooses clothes as vibrant as her lovely voice

Fur-lined coats are high fashion. Kathryn's favorite is of brown wool, lined in brown and white pony fur, which she wears over a brown faille tailored dress. Her pancake hat, shown in closeup below, has a pert tailored bow.



Gossip by Weston East
Candids by Jean Duval

HERE'S



Dorothy Lamour, attired in her costume for the rôle of an ex-burlesque queen in her new Paramount film, "Riding High."

AT HER fans' request, Carol Landis is going blonde again. She dyed her hair back to its natural brunette shade before she made her overseas tour, because she knew there'd be no place to have it cared for while on tour. She liked it *au naturel* so much that she kept it that way when she returned to Hollywood. But her fans apparently don't. So by the time you read this, she'll be blonde again.

RANDY SCOTT had the thrill of his life while at the Mocambo one night recently. A Navy lieutenant came over to his table, tapped him on the shoulder, and inquired: "Aren't you going to be in the picture they're making about Torpedo Squadron Eight?" Randy admitted he was. "Well," said the young man, "I'm Lieut. George Gay." Gay was the sole survivor of Torpedo Squadron Eight. He was in town for a few hours. The picture of his exploits will be called "A Wing and a Prayer."

LOU COSTELLO's pet hate is the vitamin shot he must still take every day, although he is well on the road to recovery from his long illness. The other day, while Phil Regan and Joe DiMaggio were visiting him, he flatly refused to let his doctor give him the shot. Phil and Joe tried to persuade him. Finally Lou said he'd take the shot, if they would have one, too. They did. Now it's a rule for all guests. And it's a real tribute to Lou's popularity in our town, that the guest list is as long as ever.

HENRY FONDA is now a lieutenant, j.g., in the Navy. He'll be stationed in Quonset, R. I., during his three-months' training course. His wife is moving East to be near him.

THE CUTEST foursome in town consists of Gail Russell with Bill Edwards, and Diana Lynn with Dick Balken, son of a sound technician at Paramount. Bill is the boy Paramount hopes to turn into another Stirling Hayden. The girls are in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," and the title certainly fits them. Bill gave Gail a gold ring for her 19th birthday, and Dick presented one to Diana for her 17th.

Left, Errol Flynn at Marcel La Maze with Mimi Forsythe, attractive screen newcomer. Left below, the Franchot Tones celebrating at Mocambo. This is Mrs. Tone's first glimpse of night life since the birth of the Tone son and heir. Below, at the same night spot, Lieut. John Carroll of the U. S. Army Air Forces, waltzing with Karen Smith. John knows all the cuties.



HOLLYWOOD

THERE WAS an amusing incident at the Hollywood Canteen recently, when a soldier mistook Simone Simon's mother for her famous daughter. The two are such look-alikes, that sometimes even their friends are confused. The soldier came up to the mother, addressed her as Simone, and asked her for a dance. She took pity on the lad, and brought her daughter over to dance with him.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S costume for her rôle in "Kismet" is really something. She plays an Arabian girl. The trousers of the outfit are made of twenty pounds of gold chain. But the top consists merely of one ounce of *mousseline de soie*!

DUTCH JENKINS has his own ideas about what to give your lady love for her birthday. Nothing sentimental about this five-year-old super-lad. He's strictly on the practical side. After saving his pennies for months to buy a birthday present for Joyce Lake, Florence Lake's little daughter, he confided in his mother what the present was to be. A pound of bacon, if you please!

ALL THE wisecracs who expected temperament from Tallulah Bankhead when she started work in "Lifeboat" are eating their words. The studio gang practically worship her, and will tell you at the drop of a hat, about what a regular gal she is. The other day she was being interviewed by a New York writer, when a group of RAF pilots entered the studio dining room. They approached hesitantly, to ask for autographs. Not only did la Bankhead interrupt her interview to give them the autographs, but she insisted they sit down and chat with her.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S new dressing room on the Warner lot is done completely in cotton. Rug, drapes, lamp shades, chair covers, everything. The color scheme is dusty rose, cream, and blue-green. Joan starts her first picture on her new contract very soon. It's to be "Never Goodbye."

Right, Roy Rogers and Ingrid Bergman were guest stars on a recent radio show with Charlie McCarthy and his boss, Edgar Bergen. Right below, June Horne adjusting Jackie Cooper's tie at a popular night spot. The Jon Halls (Frances Langford) are happy to be together again. Frances has just returned from overseas, where she entertained our boys.



Dottie gives her grass skirt and feathers a workout in preparation for scenes for "Riding High," a glorified western musical.



The Hollywood Bond Cavalcade "bondstormers" line up for a parade in San Francisco, final stop of their fifteen-city, 10,091-mile tour for the Third War Loan. Grouped around the jeep are, left to right, Dorothy Merritt, Betty Hutton, Greer Garson, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and Lucille Ball.



VERONICA LAKE'S allergy to the arrow weed in her movie makeup has her studio worried. It gives her sneezing spells. Her makeup man is working out a whole new line of makeup for her, which will eliminate the offending ingredient.

DON'T mention "chicken" to Anna-bella. Her Bond tour took her through the South, and in the ten days she was gone, she ate *twenty* chicken dinners. Each town, it seems, wanted to treat her to its special dish—and each town's special dish was *chicken*!

DONNA REED and her husband, Bill Tuttle, have just celebrated one year of married life. They've decided one year in a three-room apartment, no matter how attractive, is sufficient. So as of now, they're in the market for a home in San Fernando Valley. "With enough grounds," stipulates Donna, "to remind me of the farm I grew up in, in Idaho."

THE Herbert Marshalls ended up giving two dinner parties instead of one, to celebrate the Ronald Colmans' fifth wedding anniversary. It all happened

when they issued invitations to a formal dinner party, and Ronnie and Benita made a mistake on the date, and turned up one week ahead of time. So did Arthur Hornblow, one of the invited guests. So the Marshalls obligingly gave them an informal party right then and there—as well as a repeat on the following week, when the other guests arrived.

AT LONG last Marlene Dietrich has arrived at M-G-M. She's signed on a two-picture deal and couldn't be happier. Speaking of Dietrich, wonder if it's true that she wasn't invited to the wedding when her daughter married recently? 'Tis rumored.

MICHELE MORGAN and Bill Marshall continue to be Hollywood's most romantic married couple. Now that Bill is in New York with the Army Air Corps show, Michele can't wait to join him. Her commitment to Warners for "Passage to Marseilles" will keep her in town for awhile, however. In the meantime, Michele is the envy of all her girl friends, whose "Joes" in the service think they're doing fine when they manage to send one or two letters a week.





Michele gets two special delivery air mail letters a day from Bill. In addition to that she receives two telegrams each day; one in the morning, telling her how Bill spent the evening before, and one in the evening, telling her what he did during the day. That's not counting the two telephone calls each week, either!

GINGER ROGERS took time off from her picture, "Tender Comrade," to spend Marine husband Jack Briggs' last two days in this country with him. But just before he was to leave for overseas, an order came through transferring him to Quartermaster School for three months.

WITH the servant problem what it is, June Havoc is taking no chances on losing her colored maid, Essie. She has actually placed her under personal contract to herself. And *no* options. The contract is for the duration of the war. When June goes to New York for her rôle in the stage show, "Mexican Hayride," Essie will go with her.

Top right, James Cagney, Greer Garson and Paul Henreid look over script before going on at Minneapolis, where the Hollywood Cavalcade's show doubled that city's bond quota. Top left, Betty Hutton and Mickey Rooney on the "Bond Wagon" in Philadelphia, first stop in the War Bond tour. Right, Greer Garson and Kathryn Grayson take time out from entertaining and bond-selling to grab a snack at Soldier Field, Chicago. Right below, Jose Iturbi, famed concert pianist, gives 'out with boogie-woogie in the club car of the Cavalcade's special train for the amusement of Judy Garland and Harpo Marx. Left below, all the Cavalcaders are homeward bound and tired, but happy because of the tour's success. They more than doubled their quota of \$500,000,000.





Left, baby Cheryl Christina Crane, photographed with her famous screen star mother, Lana Turner. Above, first scene from the new film, "Since You Went Away," colorful tale of the *Hiltons*, an American family of today, in which Claudette Colbert (center) plays the mother of Shirley Temple, as *Brig*, and Jennifer Jones, in rôle of *Jane*. Below, Michael O'Shea and Susan Hayward, as they appear in "Jack London," exciting film story about the late, beloved author-adventurer.

WHEN Dorothy Lamour tossed her bridal bouquet after her marriage to Capt. William Ross Howard III, a few months ago, the girl who caught it was her stand-in, Earlene Heath. Dottie did a lot of teasing anent the superstition that the one who catches the bouquet will be the next bride. Earlene laughed it off. But the other day she turned up on the "Rainbow Island" set wearing a wedding ring, and almost as much surprised as Dottie. Seems she made up her mind very suddenly to marry Robert Colomb, a real estate man from Chicago.

THE sight of Charlie Chaplin drinking beer while his bride, Oona O'Neill, sips milk, at the night spots, continues to amuse Hollywood. The other evening Oona showed up at a party wearing a service pin with a single star. When asked what it was for, Oona answered seriously: "I've given a son to the Army." The son is Charlie Chaplin, Jr., who is the same age as his new stepmama!

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN is being very cute in denying the rumor that she is about to marry Marine Bill Lundigan. "I can't understand how they could have us getting married," she says. "Why, I haven't even asked him yet." Just the same, don't be too surprised if they're married by the time you read this.

VERONICA LAKE took her divorce from Major John Detlie a lot harder than most people suspected. The little blonde has been looking anything but well lately. The other night, looking ghostly pale, she had to be escorted home from Mocambo, right in the middle of dinner. She's planning a month's trip to New York with Rita Beery, to rest up before starting work in "Victoria Grandolet."



Look at Lynn!

Lovely Miss Bari picks herself the acting plum of the season: the rôle of *La Perichole*, glamorous South American actress, in "The Bridge Of San Luis Rey"



The Thornton Wilder Pulitzer Prize-winning novel is screened again, this time with a brilliant cast headed by Lynn Bari, Francis Lederer (making movie come-back, above), and Akim Tamiroff as *Uncle Pio* (below), and including such celebrated stars as Mme. Nazimova, Blanche Yurka, and Louis Calhern.



Leading The Pin-Up Parade



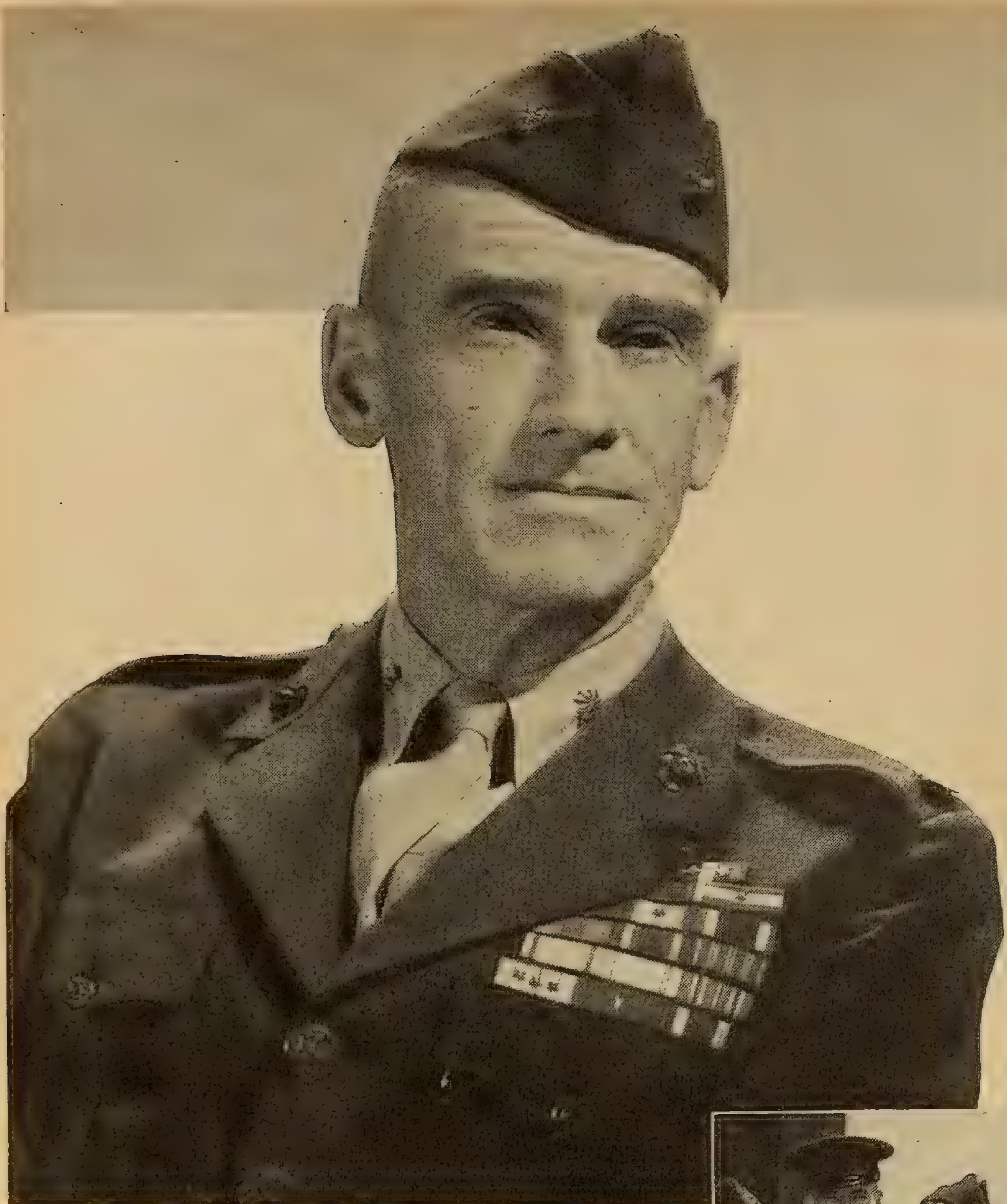
Ann Corio (facing page) was a Pin-Up Girl even before she became a movie star. Now new pictures of her are more in demand than ever. **Belita** (right) will win raves when servicemen see her in "Lady, Let's Dance".

One of the world's greatest figure skaters, the beautiful English girl called **Belita** was snatched from the ice shows by Monogram Pictures. Her cool blonde loveliness is on exhibition in "Lady, Let's Dance," in which she is seen for the first time as a ballet dancer as well as a skater. **James Ellison** appears opposite **Belita**.

Portraits by John Engstead



Ann Corio's new film is "The Sultan's Daughter," a fanciful romance in which the former stripteaseuse has ample opportunity to establish herself as a screen siren. Left, in a tender interlude with her leading man, **Edward Norris**.



HAIL "GUNG HO!"

(Chinese motto mean-
ing "Work Together")

Walter Wanger's new
picture based on the
memorable raid by Lt.
Col. Carlson's Marine
Raiders on Makin
Island has as technical
adviser none other
than Carlson himself

Hollywood's most distinguished technical director of all time is Carlson of the Raiders, (above), winner of three Navy Crosses and organizer and leader of the Second Marine Raider Battalion. Wanger is filming a dramatic story based on his exploits with the valuable advice of Lieut. Col. Carlson himself to insure its accuracy. Below, Carlson inspects the equipment. Lower right, at the megaphone describing action for a scene. At right, film's heroine, Grace MacDonald, meets the real-life hero Gunnery Sergeant Maghakian and other Marine raiders.





Colorful Carlson is shown at upper right inspecting location with director Enright and cameramen. Lower right, discussing scene with Randy Scott, who plays the Marine raider commander in Wanger's "Gung Ho!" Never before in Hollywood history has a military personage of Carlson's calibre participated in the making of a war movie. The fictional framework of the film calls for one of those romantic triangles, in this case enlisting the talents of Noah Beery, Jr., Grace MacDonald, David Bruce (bottom of the page).





Joan Blondell and Ann Sothorn arriving on the set of M-G-M's "Cry Havoc," powerful screen drama about the part women civilian aides played in the defense of Bataan.

"A Soldier Must Have Love!" Says Ann Sothorn

Continued from page 21

wrote one. "A girl marries because she wants to share everything with the man she loves. If I marry I will still be alone. My life will be no different than it was before. What would I be marrying for?"

"Why should I marry?"—asked another. "The full responsibility of our home would be mine. There's no one to share the upkeep, no one to help make decisions, no one to even talk to. I'd still be alone—only more so."

"I want children," a third confided. "Marriage to a man in service I might never see again, wouldn't be fair. If I were lucky enough to have children, what could I assure for their future? But still I love him. It is so confusing."

Had I honestly and sincerely felt I could advise them, I think I would have willingly. That I had found answers to some of these questions, was not enough.

What was right for me did not necessarily apply to them. Or to any one. Their problems were far too serious and personal to risk advising and maybe proving wrong. Then something happened that set me to thinking strongly about this situation.

I had an experience. I had an experience that proved far more than all the advice in the world. I still would never say—"do marry him or don't marry him. That's up to the girl herself. Once I made up my mind to marry, I never had a further doubt. What I have learned from soldiers—from thousands of soldiers representing a cross-section of humanity—might give a new perspective to girls who wonder and worry.

Recently I went on a visiting tour of camps and hospital bases in Texas, Utah, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. For two

weeks I shook hands with boys who were injured and ill. I talked to them. I listened to them. Many times I walked miles of corridors visiting soldiers—soldiers who were lying there thinking. I could never begin to tell you everything I saw and learned. I can only say it was an experience I shall never, never forget.

I can see their faces now. I can hear their voices — questioning, confiding. What tremendous courage and spirit they showed! Seldom did they talk about themselves. They had no fear of the future. Expressed no regret over the past. Of one thing and one thing alone they spoke. They spoke of home. It was like a magic word. At the mention of a sweetheart's name, a wife, or a mother, their faces would light up. A boy at Dugway, Utah, showed me his bookmark—a picture of his girl and his dog. Everywhere they read me bits and parts of letters—all coming from home.

The more boys I met the more I came to realize that the love of some person back home was as precious as life itself. Just the knowledge of that love was a connecting link between their two worlds. In Walla Walla, Washington, the realization really swept over me that *a soldier must have love*—a personal love beyond the call of duty—a personal as well as patriotic reason for saying to himself, "This is what I'm fighting for."

In a hospital in Walla Walla, I visited men whose feet had been frozen. Some were amputation cases. In one bed was a young man whose life was very dark. Several weeks previous they had removed his leg. The loss of that member wasn't his greatest concern. He was thinking about his girl—that girl back home. I knew it would help him to talk. I encouraged him to tell his story.

They were engaged to be married. Along came the war and the draft. She wanted to be his wife before he marched away. He felt it was unfair to tie her down to a man whose future was so uncertain. Six months later he realized his great mistake. How wonderful it would have been to visualize her back home—in their home. How comforting it would have been to know his dog, his books, his fishing tackle were all being cared for by one who belonged only to him. And so they planned to marry on his first leave. That first leave never came. Instead he was shipped out.

"Now I don't know what to do," he told me. "I must tell her about my leg. As long as I don't tell her I know she is there waiting for me. But that isn't fair to her. If I tell her maybe it will change everything. If she went out of my life now I don't think I could take it."

He told me more about his girl. He showed me her picture. Before he left he promised that he would write and tell her everything. If she was made of the right stuff it would make no difference, of this I was sure. Suddenly I realized—there I was giving advice! It's all *Maisie's* fault and I lay the full blame on her! I think I kind of prayed that his girl wouldn't stop loving that nice boy who needed her love more than ever before. Recently I had a letter from him. His girl was coming on. They were going to be married.

On my trip I stopped off in Pecos,

Texas, in the hopes of seeing Bob. Everyone was hospitable—even at four in the afternoon when it was 118 in the shade. There were many wives there, living in trailer camps, trying to find jobs—anything to be near their husbands. Despite overcrowded conditions and endless time on their hands, there was no complaining. We became acquainted and, of course, being wives, we talked about the husbands we loved.

Just like the others, I had little time to be with Bob. During basic training a soldier is allowed to see his wife or girl friend once a week. From Saturday night till Sunday night he can take leave. Once a week a soldier is allowed to have a visitor at the base to see a movie. After the movie there's barely time at the PX for a soft drink. With some ten thousand present every second, there's nothing very personal about the visit. Yet to a soldier, it means everything.

Sometimes some of the girls came back to the hotel with me. We sat around and talked. I showed them how to make a dirndl blouse they admired. Some of them had never been away from home before. There were a few sweethearts who had saved their vacation money and had come on in the hopes of seeing their boy friends. In talking it over, invariably they'd say: "I really shouldn't be here, but it means so much to him." Most touching of all was one wife who had actually hitch-hiked to be with her husband a few hours. She had left the children with a neighbor and had to hitch-hike right back again.

"If anything should happen to Jack, I'd hate to think that we hadn't had this happiness together," she explained it simply. When I saw that look in her husband's eyes as he kissed her goodbye, I knew how much her love meant to him.

I could go on and on telling about these people. Each is an individual case. In one thing they all agreed. *A soldier must have love.* While I still remain reluctant about advising others, I hope I have been able to help them make up their minds. I can't say too emphatically how much our marriage has meant to Bob and me. For example, Bob has our wedding picture tacked up in his locker. He calls it his "Be Happy" picture because it helps him to be happy if he's blue or discouraged.

We had made all our plans for the future before Bob went away. It gives us a feeling of security to go right on with those plans. When he comes back we can continue. There won't be any starting over again. We won't be two people who have gone in separate directions, now trying to go in one.

Just knowing how much our marriage means to Bob makes me feel like I'm doing more of my share. You can't take everything from a man at once—home, dear ones, background. Something of himself, for himself must be retained. This is where a woman can and should play a great part. She is symbolic of everything that is near and dear to him.

Marriage at any time is a serious responsibility. We look at it idealistically. But there may never be the ideal way again—at least not for years to come. One can't put one's self in a coma and say, "I'll wake up when the war is over." We must go right on. If it can't be the way we'd like it to be, then it *must* be the way it is. I had doubts. My questions remained unanswered the same as those girls who wrote to me. When Bob came home on sick leave, it suddenly all became clear.

I made two mental lists. On one I listed the advantages our marriage would

bring. I could go to Bob when my work and conditions permitted. Precious few as the free hours might be, we could spend them together. If Bob were granted a leave, our home was waiting in Hollywood. We both wanted children. Why wait? Being in love neither of us could be interested in anyone else. Though separated, at least we would be sharing our dreams.

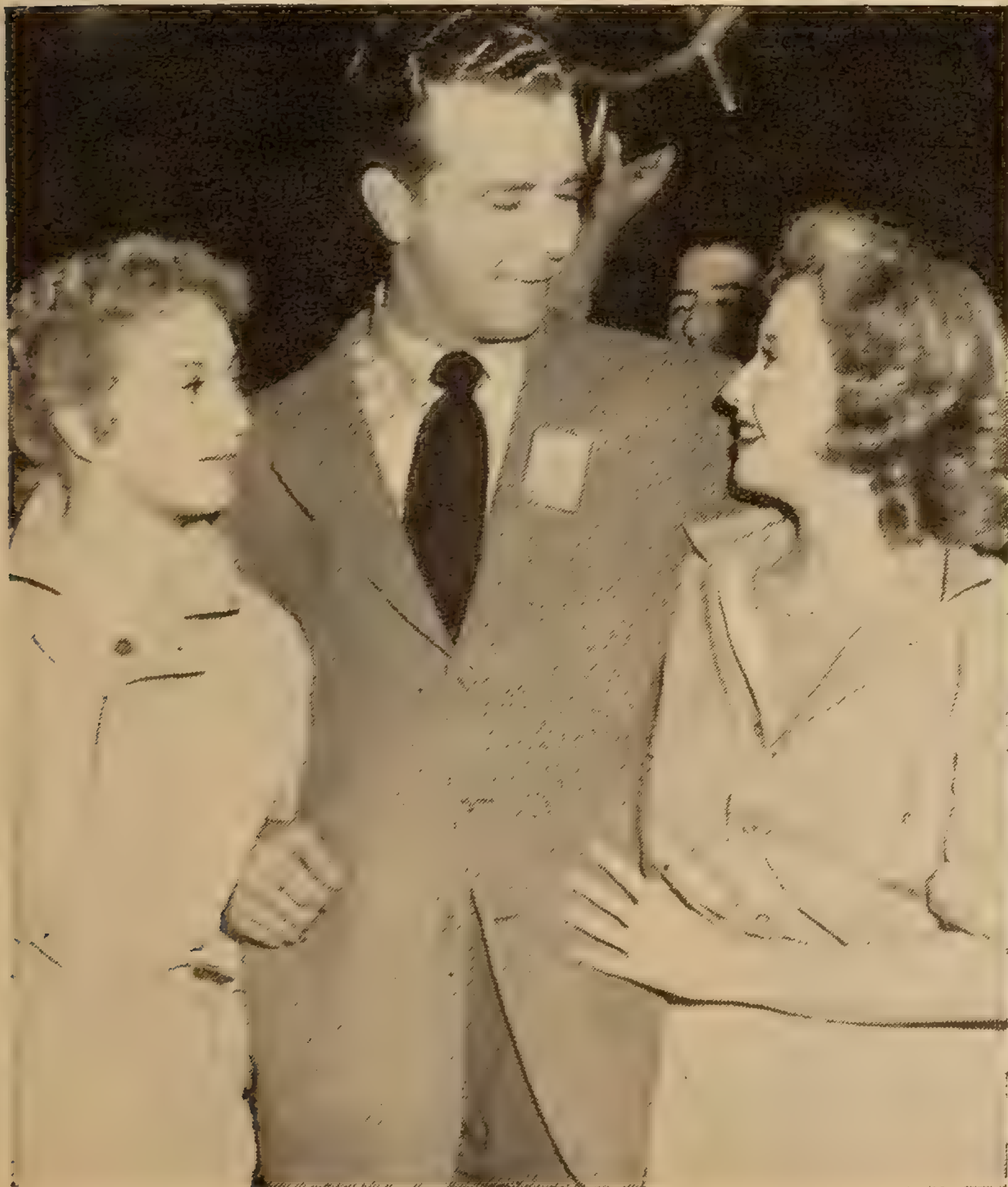
On the second mental list were the disadvantages. My responsibilities would remain the same. The constant companionship would be missing and I'd still be alone in the house. Every decision would depend solely upon my own judgment. So I reasoned with myself.

By *not* marrying and still loving Bob, I wouldn't gain these things anyway. Without our plans, our dreams and those moments we occasionally spend together—I'd even have less. And so we were married.

As further proof, if further proof is necessary, a soldier amusingly expressed the feeling of his buddies right down to a fine point. On my visiting tour of the camps, I attended the premiere of "This Is The Army" in Medford, Oregon. The house was very quiet as Joan Leslie, on the screen, pleaded with Ronald Reagan to marry her. Ronnie, in uniform, was trying to convince her that he didn't think it was fair. Finally, a soldier in the audience shouted disgustedly at the top of his lungs: "What are you waiting for, you dope! Why don't you marry the girl?"

This same question might be applied to the girls who can't quite make up their minds. I am convinced that a soldier—to be a good soldier—must have love. But I'm not handing this out as advice. If that's what you're looking for—you'll have to ask *Maisie*.

Dick Powell, playing in "Meet The People" on an adjoining set, calls on his wife, Joan Blondell, and Ann Sothern.



Margaret Sullavan and Ann Sothern burn Army records just before Japs reached Bataan in this scene from "Cry Havoc."



A Screen Starlet Starts Another Day

Awakened by her clock at six, Barbara Hale, former Chicago artists' model and screen newcomer, steals a few more minutes in bed. In an hour, she is due at RKO studio, where she is playing in "Higher and Higher," Frank Sinatra's film, but there's nothing to get alarmed about—she'll make it! Barbara even manages to squeeze in a chat with cop on the beat on her way to the studio, below; opposite page, having reached the studio, receives instructions from director Tim Whelan; in far corner, made up, dressed, and in real glamor pose is ready for the cameraman.



Blonde Blitzing for Bonds

Continued from page 25

engaged. To Charles Martin, radio producer. Charlie and I have known each other casually for several years—he said he first fell for me when he saw me in "Two For The Show" six years ago, but he was too shy then to come back stage and meet me—but we didn't actually become interested in each other until last summer, when I stopped over in New York before going out on a camp tour. I did a broadcast for him, and after the broadcast we went to the Stork and sat and talked until the waiters stacked the chairs on the tables. When I finished the camp tour I came back by way of New York, did another broadcast for Charlie, and decided definitely that this was it. By then our romance was hot and heavy. When I returned to the Coast he started calling me long distance and urging me to return to New York, where his business keeps him pretty well tied down. The Bond Cavalcade had only one day and night in New York, worse luck. But I had dinner with Charlie at the Stork Club, and he proposed. I accepted, and said, let's keep it a secret. But you know me with secrets!" (Yes, I know Betty with secrets. If you want any news to get around in Hollywood first you tell the A.P., then the U.P., and then B.H. You get complete coverage.)

"I was really flying I was so happy," Betty continued. "An hour later I had to make a personal appearance at the bond rally at Madison Square Garden. Do you know what I did?"

Twenty thousand people know what she did. She sang *Murder* as only Betty Hutton can sing it, and when the applause died down she said, "I'm so happy tonight I'm bubbling over. I want to

tell you something. It's a big secret but I have to tell you, I'm so happy. I'm engaged to Charles Martin of your City."

Well, Betty had expected to leave the Cavalcade after the San Antonio performance, and fly back to Charlie in New York. But it seems that while she was in New Orleans she decided to eat all the wonderful sea food she had heard of all her life. Betty claims she got a little bad sea food, but several pals on the Cavalcade claim that it wasn't bad food she got, but too much food. Anyway she was laid low for a couple of days, missed her connection, and came on back to Hollywood. Charlie said he would find a few days and fly to her on the Coast. Then he had the new Gertrude Lawrence show tossed his way. "It's turned into a telephone romance," said Betty. "Charlie thinks he can fly out in a few weeks. But by that time I'll be in Nevada on location with the 'Incendiary Blonde' company. If we ever get together it's going to be a miracle to end miracles."

Detroit is Betty's home town. And you can be sure the whole town turned out to greet the local girl who made good. Betty and her mother used to work in the Chrysler factory there—Chrysler manufactured automobiles in those peacetime days—and it was in Detroit that Betty got her "start." As soon as she could slip away from the Bond Cavalcade she took a cab out to the apartment on Goethe Street where she once lived. Her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Dene, still live there. Her Uncle Bub was just getting out of his car after work on the night shift at Chrysler's when Betty burst from the taxi amid wild shrieks and waving arms. Heads poked out of windows all along the block.



Betty shouted to them, "Hello, everybody! I used to live here. Gee, but I'm glad to be home!" Aunt Lucille was canning and jamming. "Boiled eggs with tomato and onion sauce," said Betty, smacking her lips, "just as good as it was when I was a child."

Next stop was Foch Intermediate School, across the street. "You probably don't remember me—" Betty said politely to Miss Sarah Robinson, the assistant principal, but she didn't get any further. "Betty, darling," cried Miss Robinson, taking her in her arms, and then added with a sigh, "We might as well dismiss school today and call it a holiday." Betty then went to the room of her favorite teacher, Miss Deborah Jones, sat down at a desk with the 7-B's and made faces at an arithmetic book. "Children," said Miss Jones proudly,

"this is one of my pupils." Betty got all choked up and told them what fortunate kids they were to have such an understanding teacher as Miss Jones.

After that she sought out Mrs. Jeane Sauer, who was her first dramatic teacher. Betty and Mrs. Sauer settled down for a fine bit of reminiscing. "Do you remember the time you nearly had to drop me from the school play because of my portrayal of Mae West saying 'Come up and see me sometime'?" shouted Betty hysterically. "You were just a little too realistic," laughed Mrs. Sauer, "but I knew it would break your heart if I didn't let you do the impersonation, so I took a chance on losing my job." "Remember how I padded myself with cotton," Betty continued, "and how the cotton pads slipped during my dance? That was my first appearance in show business."

Betty spoke to the whole school over the public address system, and when Principal A. L. Miller introduced her, she said, "He used to scold and lecture me too, but don't take it too badly. He really is a swell guy."

Back at her aunt's home she relaxed in an old housecoat, consumed ham sandwiches, and talked to all the relatives and neighbors who could crowd into the apartment—until it was time to go to the bond rally at the Olympia auditorium. Uncle Joe and Aunt Myrna (Mr. and Mrs. Gaydos) were on the night shift so they couldn't get to the rally (Uncle Bub got his shift changed for the night) so Betty obligingly did her act for them. "I took Uncle Bub and Aunt Lucille to the show," Betty continued, "and introduced them to Greer Garson, Judy Garland, Jimmy Cagney, Mickey Rooney and the rest of the stars. They'll never be the same."

In Cleveland Betty visited the Eaton Manufacturing Company—they manu-

He's fighting for you! Buy a Christmas War Bond for him.

facture parts for planes since Pearl Harbor. The company had gone over solid during the first and second war loan drives and they had chosen Betty, from the entire Cavalcade, to help them put over the Third War Loan drive one hundred per cent. Betty was told by the Cavalcade Committee that all she had to do was have lunch with the workers, and sing a song if they insisted. But when she arrived at the plant Morgan Fenley, the publicity director, casually informed her, "We want you to ride in a big red, white and blue float and at the three different plants you're to make your usual bond drive speech."

"My what?" said Betty in horror, "did you say speech? I don't make bond drive speeches. Why, I've never made a speech in my life!"

"The committee said you would make a speech," said Mr. Fenley weakly. "The workers have been waiting an hour. This is terrible. Can't you say something?"

"I felt sorry for him," said Betty with a laugh. "He was dying. He aged ten years in a few seconds. He was sweating so hard his suit was wet. I guess he thought I was one of those dumb bun-

nies from Hollywood he'd read about."

"Don't worry, brother," I said to him. "I'll think of something when we get there."

"You'd have thought he was delivering me to the guillotine the way he looked when he led me up to the first loudspeaker. I said, 'Ladies—and wolves,' and the crowd loved it. I could feel that they were with me. I told them I felt at home at Eaton's because I had once worked in a factory too. I told them it was little people like us who would win this war. I told them that if we got behind this Third War Loan with all we had that maybe there wouldn't have to be another war loan. I really pitched into it. I said a lot of things I'd wanted to say in other cities, instead of singing *Murder*. I ended up by saying that I certainly intended doing my part, and I knew they were going to do theirs. It sounds kind of silly, I added, but if anybody who buys a bond wants an autographed picture of me, I'll be glad to send it."

The applause was terrific. Mr. Fenley became a new man. When he escorted Betty to the second and third loudspeakers he fairly beamed.

In New Orleans, where Betty was putting away oysters and pompano as if she never expected to get another meal, she received a wire from Mr. Fenley. It read, "Please send 4,000 autographed pictures to the Eaton plant."





Sinclair Lewis, who is writing an original super-western, "Storm in the West," at M-G-M, spent his first day at the studio visiting Lucille Ball on the set of "Meet the People."

Bob Taylor's "Chin-Up Girl"

Continued from page 27

stairs to the kitchen at night to make myself a late cup of coffee—my one and only vice. The big empty rooms got on my nerves. I called Bob over long distance and told him I was selling this big mausoleum of a house. He was very much against it at first. But when I explained to him how tough it is for a woman to run a house by herself these days—I have to carry the entire financial burden alone now—Bob was very sweet and understanding. The new house has a tiny yard, no pool, no tennis court, no flower garden, no nothing. It's so small I couldn't possibly rattle around in it. Poor Bob will probably have claustrophobia when he sees it. He likes lots of space."

Nothing will get a wife through an adjustment period quite so satisfactorily, Barbara thinks, as good hard labor. If you keep your mind and body both busy you have no time for being unhappy. So when Producer Billy Wilder called Barbara on the phone and politely inquired, "How would you like to play the meanest woman who ever did murder on the

screen?" Barbara eagerly replied, "When can I start—tomorrow?"

Of course when Barbara took time out later to read the script of "Double Indemnity," from the gory typewriter of author James Cain, she experienced a few squeamish moments. Instead of girl gets boy, it was girl gets chair. In her varied career from burlesque queen to great lady to burlesque queen she had never played a murderess. Maybe her fans wouldn't like it? Maybe it was a big mistake? Finally she asked herself, "Am I an actress, or am I a mouse?" She decided in favor of the former.

When production was postponed two weeks she was greatly disappointed. Then she hit upon the bright idea of spending the extra time with Bob in Texas. Just like all service wives. "I didn't phone him," she said, "because I wanted to surprise him. Barnesey checked with a plane company (I couldn't get a train reservation for thirty-five days) and learned that it would take ten flying hours to get to Dallas. Bob's base is twelve miles out from Dallas. Ten hours!

It took three days and nights! I didn't have a priority, of course, and I was 'bumped' at every airport. There were twenty-one wives at the Tucson airport waiting for a seat on a plane. What those poor women went through was really heart-breaking. I have great admiration for these loyal wives who are willing to suffer any kind of hardship just to be with their husbands to the last possible moment. There were never any porters, and very rarely was there any food. The heat was terrific. With one or more small children to watch constantly, they never had a chance to sleep. But what courage! And what wonderful spirit. I'm a strong girl, so I certainly didn't mind carrying my bags, but when I had to go without food and coffee at the El Paso airport from eight in the morning until six at night, I must admit my spirit was dragging considerably. To give myself a lift I put in a long distance call to Bob, and told him I was on my way. 'What's holding you up?' he shouted. 'Just sixteen ferry command pilots,' I shouted back.

"In the El Paso station I became friendly with a young wife, with a two-year-old youngster, who had been at the airport for three days, she told me. She had given up all the luxuries of a charming home in Richmond to be with her husband at his hot desolate camp the last few weeks before he would be sent overseas. We were both given seats on the same plane that evening and I told her I would mind the baby while she took a nap—the first she'd had in days. Well, I've never seen a baby with quite so much energy. He made quick work of my snood, one by one he pulled the buttons off my blouse, and of course he did what babies usually do, right in my lap.

"So imagine what I looked like when I saw Taylor at the airport! I not only looked terrible, but I felt exactly as if I had been wrung through that old wringer. But one look at Bob and I promptly forgot all the inconveniences."

Bob stayed at the barracks the first few weeks he was at the base, but he does a lot of studying at night, so he took a room at a hotel in Dallas. Barbara stayed there with him, but saw him only at night. He would have to leave at six in the morning and didn't get back until eight-thirty at night, just in time for dinner before the dining room closed. They're working the socks off Bob out at the air base, but he loves it. He's glad he did all that rough stuff with horses and guns and motorcycles. No one can accuse him of being a softie. He has lost twenty pounds since he arrived at the base. He has shaved off his mustache, continues to wear a G.I. haircut, though it isn't necessary. "Saves time," he says.

"I've got the best instructor in the world—Red Meyers," Bob told Barbara. "Red has seen combat in the Pacific and is one of the Navy's greatest flyers. There isn't anything he can't do with a plane."

When Bob completes his basic training at Dallas he doesn't know where his next assignment will be. Naturally, Barbara is keeping her fingers crossed, and in the meantime doing a bang-up job of murdering over at Paramount.

As the boys at the Army hospital in Mississippi put it, Barbara Stanwyk is the "Chin-Up Girl of 1944."

Liberty

NOT MUCH TIME LEFT FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING!

America's women are busy winning the war. What used to be shopping time is now time consumed in a thousand different wartime jobs . . . in factories and offices, hospitals and Red Cross posts, at canteens and service clubs.

The ideal time-saving gift for Christmas this year is a Subscription to LIBERTY! You need only take the few minutes necessary to send us your order. We take care of the rest for you.

SEND LIBERTY AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT AND:

1. SAVE VALUABLE SHOPPING TIME.
2. EXPRESS YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS 52 TIMES A YEAR.
3. GIVE MORE THAN \$100 BOOK-READING VALUE!
4. HAVE NO PROBLEM OF EXPENSIVE WRAPPING OR POSTAL DELAYS.
5. SAVE UP TO \$1.00 ON EVERY GIFT SUBSCRIPTION.

The New LIBERTY is edited for today's war-busy readers. It's the fastest-reading magazine of the day. It gives you the meat of things, makes every word count so that you read quickly and easily.

Take, for instance, the weekly condensation of a best-selling book.

LIBERTY brings readers one of the latest best sellers—complete in each issue—every week of the year—condensed in the author's own words. These books sell for \$2.00 to \$3.00 at book stores. At this rate, when you give LIBERTY as a gift you give more than \$100.00 book-reading value a year!

List your friends on the handy coupon. We will send them attractive gift cards at Christmas announcing that you have entered gift subscriptions to LIBERTY in their names.



THE PERFECT GIFT
for
Christmas 1943



Gift Subscription Rates—One Year

One Subscription.....\$3.00*
Two Subscriptions.....\$5.00
Each Additional Subscription.....\$2.50

*Regular Price.....\$3.50

(These rates good only in U.S.A. Proper)

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, Inc. S-1
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Enclosed is \$.....for which please enter Gift Subscriptions for LIBERTY for One Year to be sent as indicated below:—

SEND TO.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....
☐ New or ☐ Extension of Present Subscription

ORDERED BY.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....
☐ Enter or ☐ Extend My Subscription

FIRST SCENES

FROM

NEW FILMS

Here are first scenes from "Buffalo Bill," 20th Century-Fox's new picture in which *Buffalo Bill* presents the case of the American Indian against other frontiersmen. Left, Joel McCrea, who has title rôle, in a tender love scene with Maureen O'Hara. Left below, lovely Maureen made up as *Buffalo Bill's* ageing wife; below, Linda Darnell as *Dawn Starlight*, the beautiful Indian girl who loves *Buffalo Bill* (Bill Cody).



Best Role!

Continued from page 28

for sailing in Tampa Bay, off the pier of the St. Petersburg Yacht Club, and fishing in the Gulf of Mexico.

From what we learned he's far from being the "forgotten man." "Fan mail still dribbles in when people find out where I am," he says.

He is recognized on the streets—that uniform, Jeffrey, just can't hide the calm twinkle in your honest, blue eyes, the steadiness of your friendly smile and his morale, he assured us, is kept flying high by the kindness of Tampa friends who shower him with so much entertainment (however limited it is, due to his brief free time) that it often embarrasses him to receive so much attention. Tampa, in another good neighbor gesture, has revived many of his pictures, and he's in great demand, also, for participation in War Bond drive rallies.

As an enlisted man, before he went to Officer Candidates' School, Lynn did much radio work and took part in spot shows. He was the private, representing the U. S. Army, in the Russian Relief show at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City; he took part in the "Wings for Norway" relief show in Boston; assisted in Atlanta's première of "This Is The Army," and even while we were interviewing him he said, "Yes, sir," when



asked to participate in the Third War Loan Drive rally in Tampa.

Since he joined the U. S. Army in February, 1942, Lynn has developed a fine, quiet, wholesome philosophy that you can't help but feel as you talk with him.

It took him two months, he says, to get adjusted mentally to Army life after being inducted at Ft. MacArthur, Calif. Having been your own boss for fifteen years, as he was, he explained, it wasn't easy to take orders. Although he didn't show it outwardly, Lynn reacted inwardly against Army regulations but now, after nearly two years of the life, he realizes

the tremendous amount of good the Army has done him.

"It's taught me to make good use of what time I have to myself, to learn to know people better, to understand the men under me."

He is platoon leader of fifty men and not only has learned to know and sympathize with them but to deal with their parents who write letters to him.

He says Army life has taught him "to snap into action faster." In confession mood, he told us that back in picture days he had often "lagged on the set."

"I took my time. I'd get the call to report on the set but I'd still remain in my dressing room, possibly reading a book."

But the book he reads now is "Army Regulations" and when orders come to "Do this" he does it. But pronto!

"There's no lagging in the Army—you do it now," is his explanation.

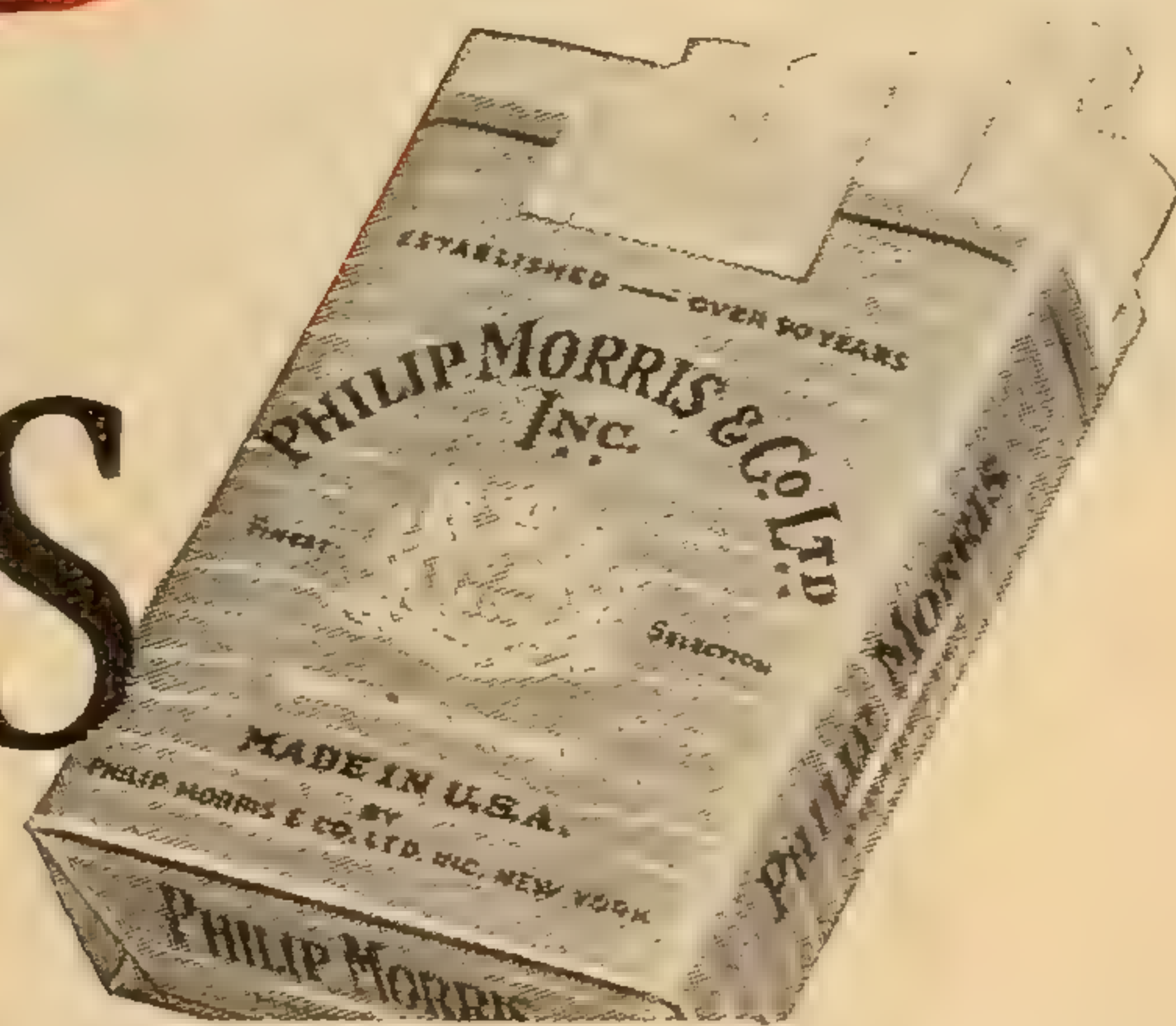
In early Army days, Lt. Lynn, as an enlisted man, was transferred from Ft. MacArthur, Calif., to Missouri, where he was in the training division of the photographic center. He trained as a combat motion picture photographer, getting "a swell knack of photography," and could have continued as photograph co-ordinator—a job he turned down because it would have meant remaining in this country.

"I wanted combat duty," he said. "I want to get overseas before Christmas."

Lynn next went to Officer Candidates' School where, he says, with conviction,



Call for
PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest Cigarette



"I spent the toughest three months of my life." Both back and mind almost broke under this experience, he claims, but he emerged victorious—with the bar of lieutenantancy gleaming from collar and cap.

Shortly after he was made an officer, he went to his alma mater, Bates college, Lewiston, Me., where he addressed the chapel for forty-five minutes—thirty minutes longer than the time usually allotted. "I ad libbed and the kids liked it, because it was keeping them out of class. And that afternoon I was shocked to see my entire speech published, word for word, in the paper."

Lynn, commenting on the war, said he never thought he'd be so interested in Army matters. But he is. "It's much like chess," is the way Jeffrey explains it.

It's not all easy going and some of his best work has been done in the Florida backwoods, on field maneuvers, where, in helmet and fatigues, he carries on in the thick of palmetto, pine and rattlesnakes. These experiences have made him rugged, giving him a clear, healthy tan and trimming his weight to a neat 158 pounds although, he says, "I lose and I gain, and sometimes I am very lean."

Lt. Lynn, still single and, according to him, "with no prospects for marriage," likes the Army but doesn't want to remain in it after the war is over. He wants to go back to pictures, to direct as well as act, although Hollywood, he warns, may have something to say about the business of directing.

He's immensely proud of his brother, Arthur, who is training as an air cadet "somewhere in the middle west" and another brother, Eric, who is working in the North American Aircraft Company in Kansas City, Mo. He thinks his youngest sister, Judith, is working there, too, doing her bit toward aiding the war effort. There are two more brothers and two more sisters, all married. His parents live in Auburn, Mass., and his father, Lynn says, is doing war work and was one of the first electric welders.

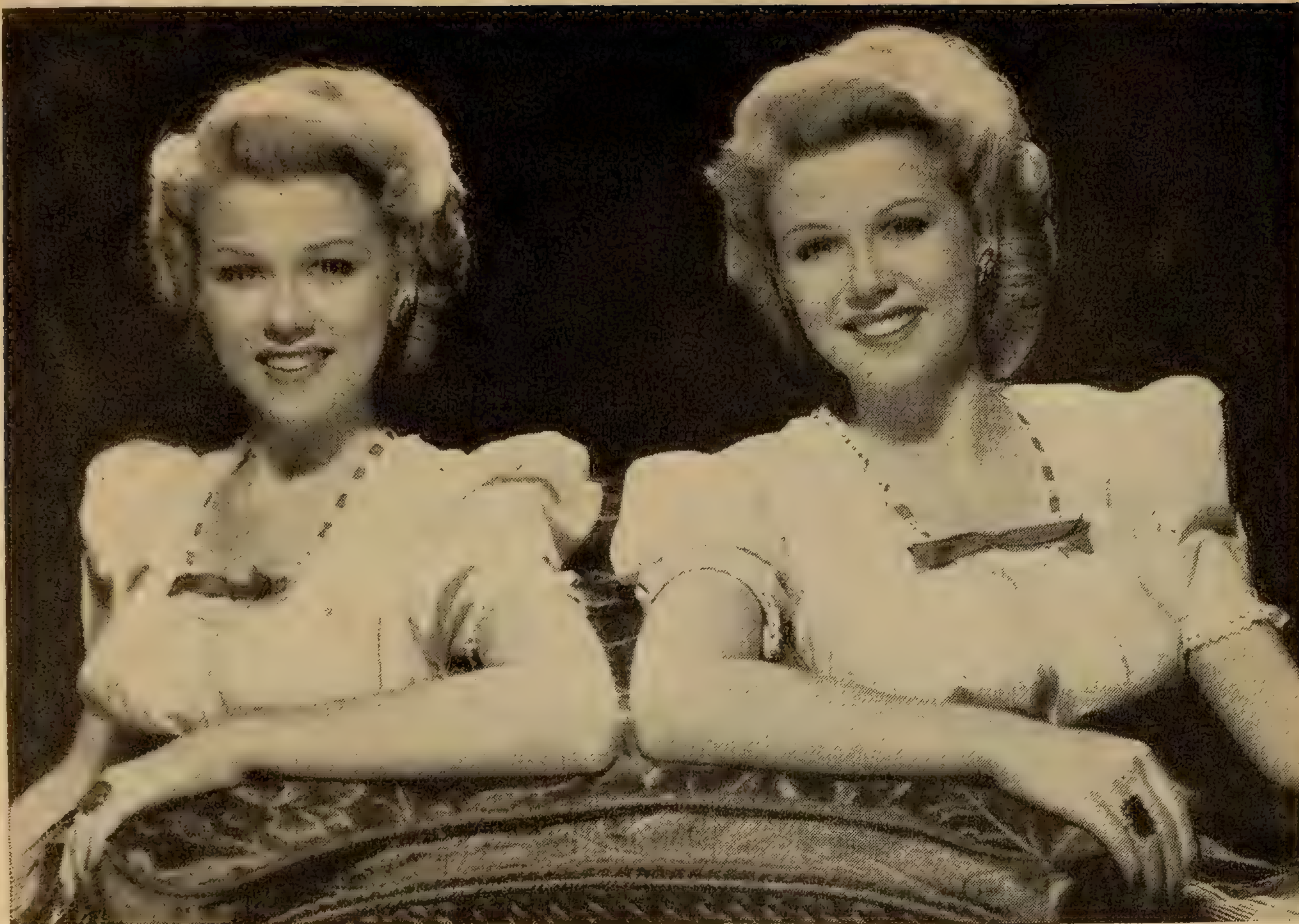
Meanwhile, think of Lt. Jeffrey Lynn as a very fine soldier, who works hard in

Army life and goes to the beach in his few spare moments. He has learned to shoot in his Army rôle and has made a sharpshooter record of which he is proud; he likes Army food—says he'd rather eat in camp than outside, but does admit that the red grouper, caught by him and cooked by a WAC, was the best he ever tasted. And the book he thought he wanted to write when he first enlisted goes unwritten. "There have been too many—I could never write a good one like them," he apologizes.

Besides, he's too busy reading "Army Regulations."



Eddie Ryan, George Offerman, James Cardwell, John Alvin and John Campbell are the players who portray the Sullivan brothers in 20th Century-Fox's "The Sullivans," film about the five brothers who went down with their ship in the South Pacific.



You're not seeing double, but you are getting a double share of beauty in this photograph of the beautiful blonde Wilde Twins whose next screen appearance will be in the new *Hardy* picture, "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble," which means Mickey Rooney's girl troubles will be doubled. Lee is on her sister Lynn's left. Now see if you can tell whether it's Lee or Lynn who is pictured on opposite page.

Diary of a New American

Continued from page 37

ment official. Because I had been a leader in anti-Hitler fraternities, the Gestapo officers came to my home to get me. At the first word of invasion I had raced with other troopers in a truck to guard the Chancellory. Thirty minutes later we left in the same truck as prisoners with Nazi drivers and guards. What were they going to do to us? Every man was asking himself the same question.

My next three months were spent in a concentration camp. I was one of many. My experiences no better, no worse than the rest. If only I had known how long I was going to be there. How long—how long—the words used to hammer through my brain as I waited and waited. Fortunately at that time, Nazi cruelty hadn't quite reached the barbaric stage. We were allowed to receive mail. Those letters from my parents gave me sufficient strength to see it through. "Have faith, my son," wrote my mother again and again. "Somewhere in this world we will find freedom."

One day, just as suddenly as I had been put in the concentration camp, I was released. I was given my choice. "Join up with the Nazis or get out." I shall never forget the day I sailed for America. December 8, 1938—seventeen days before Christmas. Peace on earth, good will toward men! My mother accompanied me to the port of Hamburg. The morning was damp and foggy. As I stood there at the rail looking down on my mother, I realized I was not only saying goodbye to her—but to a whole past life.

My mother was the bridge to a new life. She represented the goodness, the kindness, the graciousness of the past. The things she had taught me were a springboard to the future. "Where to"—

"where to"—the low mournful boat whistle seemed to be saying. Then the fog closed around my mother. Just a hand, *her* hand waving through the mist was the last picture I took with me as the boat glided away from the pier.

On December 16, eight days later, I arrived in New York. Eight days of thinking, wondering, hoping. It was sort of like dying. I didn't belong to either world. More like in a world of my own. Detached from one and not in the other yet. But those eight days gave me sufficient time to take account of myself. I drew up a mental balance sheet of my life. What had I actually accomplished? What had I done—must I do? The first thing, study English of course. I had spoken English in London. I could write and read it too. But in America it must be *perfect*.

I was very hungry on the boat. Somewhere I had heard if you eat too much you become seasick. There was an American girl on the boat. She had ribbons in her hair and she combed it in a strange manner. I wished I could speak to her and ask her how she combed it. Ask her if all American girls wore ribbons. It's strange, isn't it, what inconsequential thoughts creep in, when life is the most serious? Then I saw the Statue of Liberty and I forgot about the girl with the ribbons. The new lady was much more beautiful. A physical symbol of all I had dreamed of—hazy while out on the ocean, crystallized now.

When I saw that New York skyline, my chest and my mind lifted. My small, narrow European mind seemed to vanish. In Europe your father went so far and no farther. You were supposed to follow in his footsteps. Looking at that skyline, I felt like a little Napoleon. "It's

up to you," I whispered to myself. "You know that any nation that can build buildings like that will give you a break. Even if you only have twenty-five cents in your pocket, you can become a millionaire. It's up to you."

The personal collapse I had felt was completely gone. The first sight of New York lived up to my expectations. It was noisy, fast-moving, intimidating. But I loved the challenge. There was no hate in people's eyes. I went into my first American drug store. I ate a whole package of what I thought were lemon drops. They turned out to be candy-covered chewing gum. They didn't make my stomach very happy. I took my first ride in a subway. It seemed like some kind of a game—a very rough game. But people smiled when they played it.

A friend of my aunt's in California looked me up. She was a very nice lady—my first American friend. She showed me the sights, the City Hall, the Empire State Building. Then we went to a movie. Abbott and Costello were the stars. There was a Charlie McCarthy short on the same bill. The American sense of humor was not funny to me then. People around me laughed and screamed. "What's all the fuss about?" I asked myself. Then someone in the balcony dropped chewing gum in my hair! My friend invited me to her home for dinner. When she offered me a second helping, I said, "No, thank you. I am absolutely fed up." I remember how she looked at me and laughed. It was nice to be with people who laughed.

On Christmas day, December 25, 1938, I arrived in Los Angeles. "Where is the snow?" I asked the conductor. Now I know why he chuckled. On the train coming out I got an idea of the vastness and resources of America. In Europe you know a country from border to border. Here there are no borders. Here you travel four days without crossing a

boundary. In Europe the same trip would have covered a dozen different countries. Here there were no political police, no inspectors. Here one hundred and thirty million people live together in one country—no supervision necessary. I loved it already.

My aunt and uncle gave me a wonderful Christmas—my first in America. My first present was an electric shaver. "What do you do with it?" I asked in wonderment. In Europe we still shaved with "knives." Later on when I lost an eyebrow, I found out! I also received a bank book with a ten dollar deposit to my credit. "What a wonderful country," I cried out. "I have only been here one day and the bank knows me already!"

On New Year's Eve I drove down Hollywood Boulevard for the first time. My aunt's car kept backfiring all the way. In Vienna it would have cost me a five dollar fine for making so much noise. Americans seemed to love it. Way out in the residential district I saw a wide sloping green lawn. I had always wanted to walk on a lawn but in Europe it is "verboten." Now I felt the lawn under my feet. I made a resolution that night. I hoped to fit into this new world. I would try very hard to do whatever was required of me.

I decided to try several things before settling down to one. I didn't want to



JEAN PARKER... CO-STARRING IN "MINE SWEEPER",
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



The "Darling Hands" of Jean Parker —

Any girl can have smooth, soft hands Jean Parker's way.

"My hand care is specialized and practically professional. But so simple," says Jean.

"Your skin will benefit from 2 ingredients in Jergens Lotion

that are so effective against roughness, that many doctors prescribe them.

"You'll love it, too," says Jean. "Jergens Lotion never feels sticky"... 10¢ to \$1.00 a bottle for this famous lotion, the favorite hand care of the Stars.

The Personal Hand Care of the Stars — they use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE
HANDS





Anna Sten wearing costume for starring rôle in new film "Three Russian Girls."

handicap myself before I had a chance to look around. In Europe I had been trained for the diplomatic service. My uncle felt I should have a solid foundation before entering business. So on June 16, 1939, I enrolled in a business course at UCLA. Going to college was a short cut to learning American ways. A degree of evaluation giving me credit for my studies in Vienna made this all possible.

For four months I rubbed elbows with eight thousand American students. I worked hard, learned a lot. At times I was very bewildered. A national magazine came to photograph college boys putting white mice in their mouths. For some reason never explained to me, we had to let our beards grow for a week. At dances they did something called "cutting in." I thought they were trying to pick a fight. I hadn't yet learned to take care of myself as Americans did. If they do "cutting in" on me, I told myself, I'll use jiu-jitsu!

Along about this time I got to thinking about the Vienna Opera House, the Burg Theater in Vienna. Perhaps because I already realized I did not want to become a business man. I had always liked acting but never dared mention it to my father. I could no longer continue with my diplomatic career. Surely my father would approve if he knew. Suddenly his words came back to me. "Never do anything in life unless you are prepared for it." I had heard the Pasadena Playhouse was the best. In October, 1939, I enrolled.

Things happened fast. I gave lessons in French, German, tennis and fencing to earn a living while trying to become an actor. Until July, 1940, when I graduated, I tried to learn all I could. When I was assistant director of the Odets play, "Rocket To The Moon," I seemed to be floating on air. The leading lady was a brilliant young actress named Gwen Anderson. She was ambitious. She had dreams. She seemed to understand these same gnawing yearnings in me. We had nothing, and yet when we dis-

covered we were in love it seemed like we had the whole world.

Along about this time I got my first job in the movies. The bit of a bell hop in "Escape," with Norma Shearer, introduced me to the heavenly smell of movie makeup. I netted the huge sum of one hundred and five dollars in three days. More American magic! The night of the preview I took Gwennie and all my relations. Even in the concentration camp I had never been as scared. My part was cut out of the picture.

On May 6, 1941, we were married. I felt like I had just become the president of the United States. In Del Monte we enrolled in a stock company where Gwennie acted in plays I directed. Ofttimes we were weary but never discouraged. I knew Gwennie had great talent. She had faith in me. We had each other. It was a good life.

After Del Monte came a bit in "International Squadron" for Warner Bros. Gwennie was being tested at the various studios. I realized that economic independence was important if I wanted to become a successful actor. So I became a business man despite myself. With the money received from the picture, I made a down payment on a gas station. For a year I managed to make about forty dollars a week. When studios called for an interview, I'd bang the door shut, change my clothes on the way as I raced over. Then I'd rush back and climb into my overalls again.

There followed bits and small parts in "The Navy Comes Through," "To Be Or Not To Be," "The Pied Piper." At Columbia they offered me seventy-five dollars for half an hour's work dubbing in Hitler's voice in "The Flyer Takes A Wife." I felt by making it sound as despicable as possible I was justified in taking the job! All this time I kept hoping I'd land in the theater. Gwennie never stopped hoping she'd get a break in the movies.

Here is where fate stepped in. On December 7, 1941, I was in the midst of making "Mrs. Miniver." I felt it was a good beginning, that I might probably get other rôles now. When it was released six months later, to my great surprise I began to get contract offers. I wasn't impressed with myself. I felt I had just played the only bad guy in a good picture. So the part probably stuck out like a sore thumb. Gwennie wanted to try her luck in New York. Much as I would miss her, I knew it was right that she should go. With our new economic security it was now possible. Two months later she landed the lead in "Janie." The play is still going strong on Broadway.

In August, 1942, I signed a contract with Warner Bros. I signed here because they promised to let me direct as well as act. There followed rôles in "Casablanca," "Edge Of Darkness," "Northern Pursuit" with Errol Flynn, and now "Passage To Marseilles." Even though I had to refuse, I think my biggest thrill came when Guthrie McClintock offered me a rôle opposite Katharine Cornell in "Three Sisters." The offer came, incidentally, on the fifth anniversary of the Nazi invasion of Austria!

The last five years have been rich with fulfillment. The most important five years of my life. And yet, even with all the joy, there must be pain. You can fight your life today and tomorrow—but you can't fight destiny. Gwennie and I are divorced! Something neither of us ever dreamed could happen. With sorrow and regret I say it. But you have to accept fate as you accept wars. You have to bow to fate.

It must not have been in the cards that we should stay married. When Gwennie went to New York, there was no visible sign of success for either of us. We both succeeded at the same time. There were always three thousand



Anna Sten and John Kent Smith, having successfully eluded the Nazis, pause to rest in a hay-loft in this scene from "Three Russian Girls," released by United Artists.

miles between us. Three thousand miles of growing apart, perhaps when we should have been growing together. There will always be a mutual admiration between us. I hope we shall work together again some day. Gwennie has had many offers to come to Hollywood. She is a success on Broadway and prefers to remain there.

Right now the future is not very clear for any of us. When the war is over I hope I can bring my family here and repay them for their kindness to me. The principles they instilled are the kind that are good all over the world. After "Mrs. Miniver" and "Edge Of Darkness" many fans wrote and said my interpretation of the fiendish Nazis inspired them to rush out and buy more War Savings Stamps and Bonds. I am thrilled that they hate me enough in those rôles, to want to buy more bonds. I actually don't enjoy playing them. Maybe it's because I'm not a good enough actor to make them as treacherous as they really are.

And so I come to the end of my first five years in America. I wish I could express my gratitude. I wish I had some simple philosophy to share—that would enable everyone to enjoy this wonderful feeling I have inside. But there is no philosophy, except the beat of a heart. I don't mean this egotistically, but I never doubted that I would succeed. If you want something badly enough, you *can* get it—in America. All one must do is concentrate one's energies and work toward it.

I remember what I felt when I first saw that skyline of New York. "The sky's the limit," a voice inside of me seemed to say. "The stars above you and the law within you are your only boundaries."

Come to think of it, isn't that a good motto for America?



Robert Walker, who made his spectacular screen debut in "Bataan," plays *Private Hargrove* in M-G-M's picturization of the best-seller, "See Here Private Hargrove."

Are You in the Know?

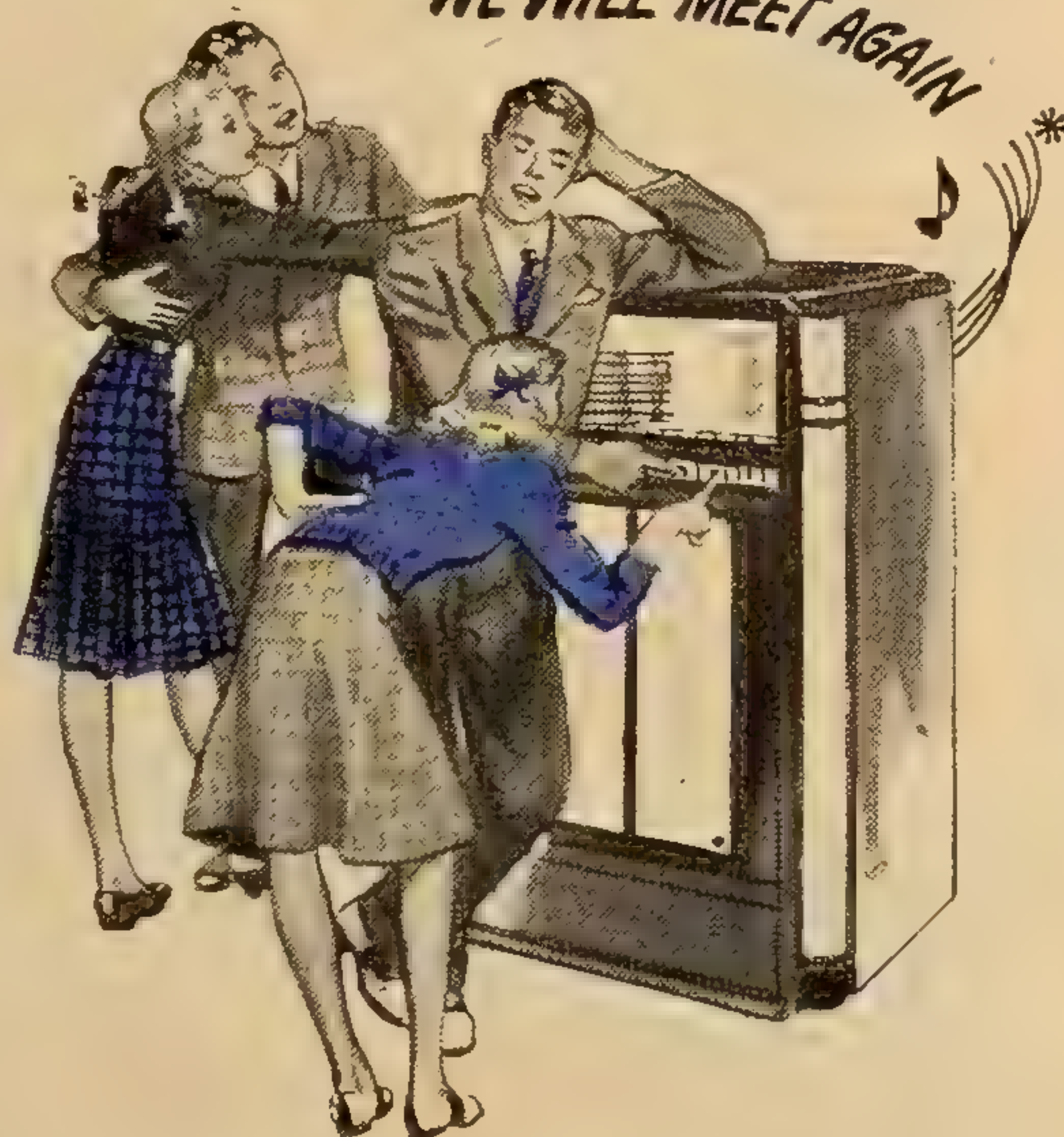
Would you wear this number for

- ☐ School
- ☐ Dating
- ☐ Ping Pong Parties

Know what's what to wear for *when*! But *how* you wear your clothes is *vital*. For instance, with the proper posture: head up, chin in, shoulders flat, tummy pulled in. And, with that utterly-at-ease look . . . especially important on "those" days, when nagging little worries can change a girl from a wow to a wallflower! Trust to Kotex sanitary napkins. Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex don't show. So relax in the *dating* number (above). No outlines spoil your style.



WON'T YOU TELL ME WHEN
WE WILL MEET AGAIN



The name of this song is . . .

- ☐ You'll Never Know
- ☐ Day in—Day Out
- ☐ Sunday, Monday, or Always

A tune they swoon to—when gals are crooned to—"Sunday, Monday, or Always". A good tune, too, for a juke session—and you're there forgetting you ever flirted with the thought of missing the fun (because of "that certain time"). You're *sure* of yourself, for you're sure of Kotex, with its special safety center that sends doubt scurrying eight-to-the-bar!

* Copr. Mayfair Music Corp.

Did this girl score . . .

- ☐ A hit
- ☐ An ace
- ☐ A strike

You're up on your pins if you got this one! You're in on America's No. 1 sport. And if you're a good sport, you'll bowl *regularly*, for that's what keeps your team scoring. It keeps you scoring for Uncle Sam, too, by helping you stay fit. So don't let down on trying days. Remember, Kotex stays soft while wearing . . . doesn't just feel soft at first touch. You can rule chafing right out of your game. (We almost forgot—she scored a *strike*!)



Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, *destroys* odors. Safe, *sure* protection.

STOP GUESSING! The free booklet, "As One Girl To Another" gives do's and don'ts for "difficult days", the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts. Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. S-1, Chicago 54, Ill.

WAR WORKERS will want the new free booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! It tells how to stay on the job, even on problem days. Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. S-1, Chicago 54, Ill.



(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



Blonde Neila Hart, left, the Columbia Pictures starlet who makes her screen debut in "Cover Girl," is Bob Sterling's sister. Picture below shows Neila bending over backwards to keep in trim, but with her fresh beauty and charm that's one thing she won't have to do to stay in pictures.

How To Bring Up A Glamor Girl

Continued from page 35

to earn things, that it made her realize the value of things and appreciate them more, that way.

But usually other women thought I was too lenient. They used to say they couldn't understand how I could manage having them under my feet in the kitchen when I was preparing meals, letting them make candy or a cake, and they thought my method of getting the floor polished was far too frivolous. The children loved to slide across the floor and one of the boys, Harold, got the idea of tying waxed rags to their feet when they played at this, their favorite of all games. And people who didn't know our method used to marvel that floors could be kept in such perfect condition in a house full of children.

All of the children had their own chores to do. Marguerite didn't get any special privileges because she was the only girl in the family, but she wasn't penalized for it, either. I've never thought it was right for a girl to have to help with the cooking or housework or dishes while her brothers sat around doing nothing simply because they were boys and boys weren't supposed to know about such things. And they all took more interest in their home because of it.

It's funny today to remember how Marguerite and I used to argue about furnishings. I've always loved antiques, and whenever I knew an auction was going to be held anywhere within a reasonable distance I'd be one of the first to get there. Marguerite would always be so disapproving when I came home with my treasures. "Oh, mother, why do you have to buy all that junk!" she used to say, and she'd look longingly in store windows at whatever style of furniture happened to be the fashion just then.

I thought of that the last time she was in New York, when she saw an eighteenth century inkwell in an antique shop window and bought it for the home she is going to have some day. She loves

antiques now. When she reads articles telling of the streamlined, modern world manufacturers are planning for after the war, her eyes grow wistful. "I hope all furniture isn't going to be modern," she said once. "I'd want the sort of things we had at home, old things, things that have stories even if we don't know what the stories are."

People are so amazed when they meet Marguerite, expecting her to be the languorous, fragile glamor girl her looks would suggest. They're always so delighted to discover that she plays tennis

and golf and even baseball, and that she can box like a professional. It has helped her personally and helped her career that she used to be a tomboy.

People like her, too, for the casual way she takes herself. Maybe that's because we always took her casually too. For Marguerite was always strikingly pretty even back in her old rough and tumble days. It would have been so easy for her to come to depend on that alone and I think her brothers must have sensed that when they used to tease her so unmercifully.

No girl could have become a spoiled beauty with those boys around. Treat 'em rough was their motto, and Marguerite took it and came back for more. There was the time when she was helping Ed, who was always interested in experiments, mix a solution—and it exploded, bringing part of the kitchen ceiling down on her head. Marguerite didn't even cry; she knew if she did she'd never get another chance to be Ed's right-hand man. So she pitched right in and helped them get that ceiling fixed before their father came home. He was a perfectionist, although after things were over he was the one who loved to tell the stories about their escapades.

Many's the time I've seen Marguerite risk her neck to show the boys her faith in them. She'd always be the first to volunteer to try out a new car they'd assembled from discarded parts they'd buy from the junkman, and once I saw her start out with them in a closed car they were particularly proud of. It was during one of those hard, fall rains and the roof of the car was full of holes, but Marguerite sat in the back seat under an open umbrella, looking for all the world as if she were in a limousine behind a uniformed chauffeur.

Even then she loved to act and that was one thing none of us teased her



about, because we knew how much it meant to her. I'll never forget the day she came dashing home from school, jumping the fence, she cleared it by two feet, hurdling the front steps—and announced breathlessly she was going to be an actress. Her father and the boys winked at each other as much as to say, well there you are, now at last our Maggie realizes what a pretty girl she is and is going vain on us. But Marguerite announced she was going to be the grandmother in the senior play, and she loved every little grease-paint wrinkle painted on her face and the pillow that turned her tall slim figure into a pudgy old lady.

In those days her ambition was to drive up the main street in a long black car and wave to everyone, the town celebrity. But she forgot all about that when she came from Hollywood for her father's birthday. Instead she helped me just as she used to when she was a child, and when unexpected guests arrived just before dinner it was Marguerite who took the things off the table she'd just set, put another leaf in it and then fixed it all over again.

But I think the thing that has helped Marguerite more than anything else is her sense of security. She can cook and she can sew, she still makes many of her clothes and she's almost as good a mechanic as her brothers. It's given her a self-reliance that's more than made up to me for any minor annoyances, such as the time she ruined the first material I bought her to make a dress, or the day she used the last eggs in the house to make a cake only to have it practically explode in the oven because she put too much baking powder in it.

For being able to take care of herself has given her courage. If she hadn't had that sense of security she would never have given up her job as telephone operator to become the hat designer she wanted to be. And without it she wouldn't have left that job either after she discovered her employer was far more interested in having her model the hats than design them, to take a chance on becoming a professional model.

Her sense of security has made her go places in Hollywood, but it's her sense of responsibility that makes her father and me proud that she is our daughter, just as proud as we are of our sons. They're all in the armed forces. Fred, the oldest, is an Army staff sergeant and Edward is a chief radio officer in the Navy. Harold is in the Coast Guard and Alfred, the baby of the family, is with the Seabees. For Marguerite hasn't sat back and allowed her brothers to do her fighting for her any more than she used to do back in the old days in Chatham. She doesn't believe she or anyone else has a right to leisure with a war going on and instead of vacations between pictures she visits Army camps and is active in canteen work. After her latest picture, "Destroyer," she made a tour of shipyards and Navy bases.

That's the reason when people ask if I'm not terribly proud of having a movie star for my daughter I always tell them, "Of course I'm proud, but not half as proud as I am that I have a daughter who believes in making her own way in everything."

Lovely
Grace Moore
Star of the
Metropolitan Opera
Company *says:*



"I never met a charming woman who wasn't also a well-groomed woman. An under-arm deodorant is essential to being well groomed.
"I have used Arrid for years and like it immensely . . . and I notice that Arrid is used by many other friends in the stage, screen and radio world."

Grace Moore

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents odor. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days.
3. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

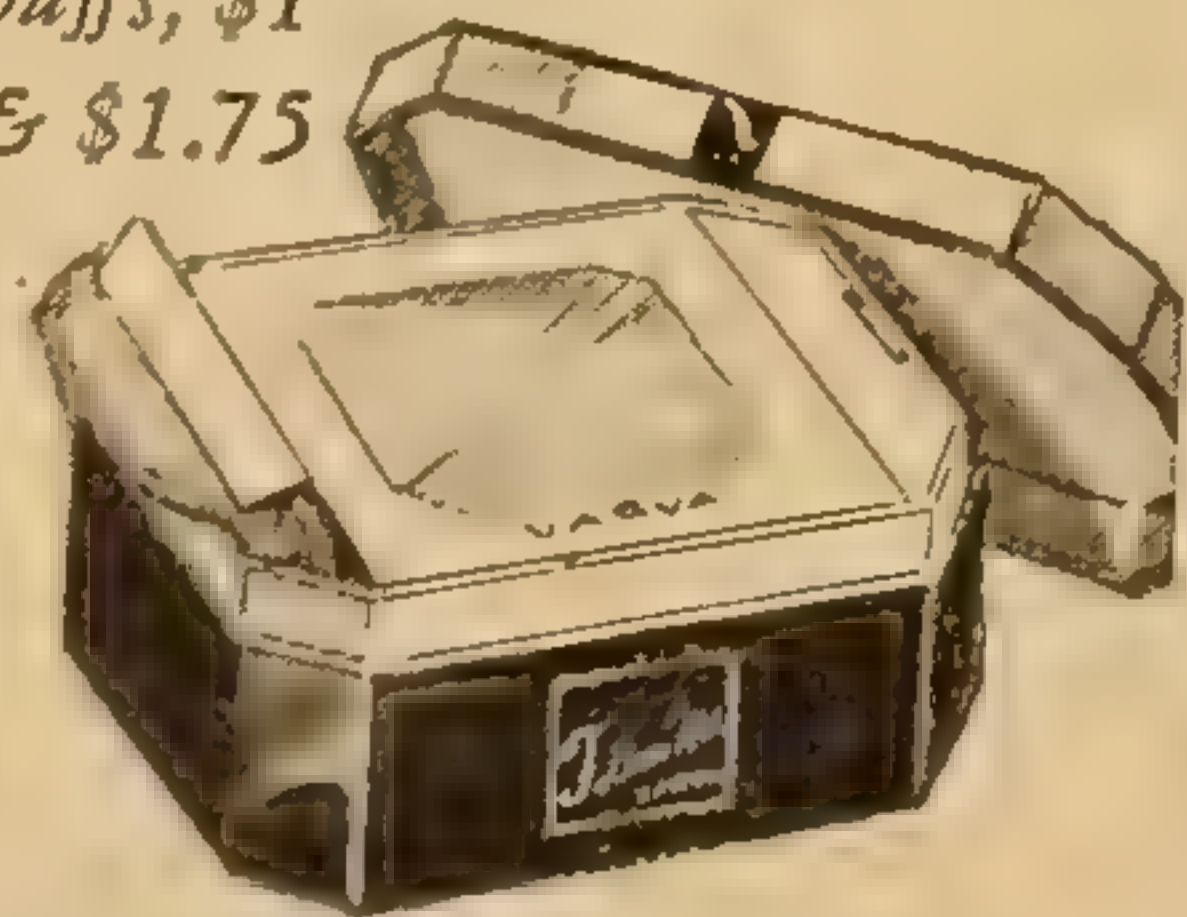
Follow Me

(SUIVEZ MOI)



Who's his *pride*? The girl who's first of her crowd to marry... who leads the way in War Bond drives... who starts trends... naturally, she always wears "Follow Me," Varva's fragrance that leads and lasts!.....Extract, \$1 to \$15

Face Powder, six guest puffs, \$1
Talc, 55¢; Sachet, \$1 & \$1.75
Bath Powder, \$1
Bubble Foam, \$1
(plus taxes)



Follow Me by
VARVA
THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

19 West 18th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

Girls! Frances Langford Tells What Servicemen Think of You

Continued from page 32

the same thing. I think we American girls are wrong in ordering things to be brought to us without saying 'please.'

"But whatever our faults may be, I've got to admit that the American servicemen idolize American women. And so, for that matter, do some of the English boys. A number of the English boys told me that they miss American girls with their long, glamorous hair."

"But Frances," I said, "many of us are wearing short Victory bobs now."

"I know it," said Frances. "But many of the men overseas *don't* know it. They haven't seen American women for so long that they picture them always with long hair, which they like much better."

"Because I've spent so much time among men I've learned a great deal about their likes and dislikes—things that many women don't suspect. For instance, most men prefer women to wear their hair soft and hanging down. I like to see upswept hair myself; I think it looks smart; but not on the stage, and not when you want to please men. Men don't like too many curls. The more natural your hair is—just so long as it's neat—the better they like it."

"Men do seem to like blonde hair very much. I was having so much trouble with my hair, because the sun bleached it, that I thought, during our last tour, of letting my hair go dark."

"Don't you dare!" Bob Hope told me. "You know gentlemen prefer blondes—and particularly the men overseas, some of whom haven't seen a white woman for more than a year."

"That's why my hair is still blonde."

"As I said before, men also seem to prefer women to wear their hair long."

"After I came back to America, I asked Jon (Jon Hall, her husband) one night, 'Jon, would you mind if I cut my hair short?' I figured it might be easier to take care of if I did cut it. He gave me a dirty look and said, 'I'd mind very much!'"

Jon came into the rumpus room of the Hall-Langford home just then. As a matter of fact, the room really is a reflection of his personality, for in it are all the treasures he brought back from Tahiti, where he made his home when he was a boy.

"Don't you approve of short hair in women?" I asked Jon.

"I don't care what other women do," Jon said. "I just don't want Frances to cut her hair."

Frances said, "I think that is the way most men feel about their wives and sweethearts. That is particularly true since the war began. With so many men and women in uniform, the men want to see their women looking very feminine. Most of the women in England wear uniforms. The USO in England asked me if I would wear a uniform, too. I flatly refused. I knew the men wouldn't like it."

"In England I wore short dresses, mostly prints. There was one black crepe dress with a light, frothy top, looking almost like flesh. The men liked that very much, and I wore it constantly to

please them. I almost wore the dress out. "Men prefer girls to stay feminine. That is even more true in wartime than before. Before the war Jon didn't seem to mind women wearing tailored suits, and I often wore them. But now he hates to see women wearing them. I quit wearing them because Jonny doesn't like them—and neither do other men."

"In England, I wore a lot of sweaters and skirts. No matter what the Hays office has to say about the sweater girl, the men like her. During one show I gave, I was wearing a dressmaker suit with a sweater underneath the jacket. Suddenly the men in the audience began to shout, 'Take your coat off! Take your coat off!' I think Bob Hope put them up to it. Anyway, I took off my jacket, and there I was—revealed as a sweater girl. The men applauded loudly."

"In Africa it was so hot and there were so many sandstorms it wasn't practical to wear a dress. I had to wear slacks. But I wore just a bra top to make my costume look more feminine. One day in North Africa, when we were rehearsing for a radio program, we got word that General Eisenhower wanted to see us at headquarters. There was no time to change my costume, a pair of blue slacks and a blue bra. At first I felt a little bit embarrassed at the idea of meeting the General in such clothes. I worshipped him and would have liked to dress up for the occasion, but there was no time. I was thrilled when General Eisenhower said, 'You're the smartest person I've met here. You know how to dress. In this kind of weather, that's the only thing to wear.'"

Always, wherever she went, Frances was given a glorious welcome because she made the men think of home and their own American wives and sweethearts. One boy in Africa, talking to Tony Romano, the guitar player, kept staring at Frances, until she wondered what was wrong with her. After they left that group, Tony told her, "That fellow said he couldn't keep his eyes off you—that you are the image of his wife."

"The men overseas miss American girls terribly. Clark Gable, whom I met in England, said to me one day about eight or nine weeks after we gave our first show in England, 'The men still sit around and talk and write about the show. If they didn't have that to talk about, they would talk about what happened to their pals in raids—and that would depress them terribly. To see an American girl meant more to them than the actual show. They felt it was almost like seeing their own family. They'd heard your radio show in America and seen you in pictures; you made them think of home, and they loved that. They felt as though they knew you personally.'"

They did indeed. Whenever American servicemen met Frances, they loved to reminisce about the things that had happened to them in America. They felt as if she was the girl next door—the girl to whom they could confide about their sweethearts back in America; to whom

Have you put War Bonds on your Christmas list?

they could talk about Broadway or the soda fountain in an American town where they used to take their girls for a chocolate sundae. They would even tell Frances about the songs to which they and their girls used to listen, and beg her to sing the same songs.

"Wherever I went, I found that the men's thoughts were on their wives and sweethearts and mothers. When the servicemen asked me for autographs, they nearly always said, 'May I have your autograph, Frances? I'd like to send it home to my wife' (or mother or sweetheart). They were always thinking of some way to make the folks at home a little happier. You might think that they would want the autographs for themselves. But they preferred to get them for the people they loved. 'My wife will be so thrilled when she hears I met you personally,' they would tell me. 'We fell in love with each other while listening to one of your songs. Boy, will she get a kick out of this autograph!'

"All their thoughts were for the people at home. They didn't want the girls they loved to worry about them. They would cheerfully face any hardships themselves. Their only worry was that the people back home might worry about them.

"In Bizerte, I lived in the hospital for five days, and saw many men who were wounded in battle being brought into the hospital. I never heard a moan out of any of them. But many of them gave me the addresses of their wives and sweethearts, and begged me to let them know when I got home that they weren't really seriously wounded. 'We could get the doctor or nurse to write them a letter,' they said, 'but our folks might not believe them. But if they know that you have really seen us and talked with us and sung to us, they will believe you.'"

"The soldiers always wanted to know, 'What are the folks at home doing?' At first it was quite a shock to me when I discovered that men who were going on nightly raids—who were risking their lives every single night—were also spending more than half of their small salaries on War Bonds. I thought with a sense of shame of the civilians at home. I learned that 75% of the Navy Personnel at one bombardment base at which we appeared were regularly investing part of their salary in War Bonds. And yet they say only 10 per cent of the civilians at home are.

"I was ashamed to tell the soldiers and sailors that. I couldn't look them in the face and say so. One thing they certainly expect of women—as well as of men—is that they buy bonds. If people knew what they were going through, you wouldn't have to ask them to buy bonds. I'm afraid I wouldn't dare go on a bond tour now. I couldn't beg people to buy bonds. If I got up before a group of people now, I'm afraid I'd just bawl the life out of them. Bob Hope feels the same way as I do about this. Neither



CHRISTMAS SOCK OF 1943!

BUY WAR BONDS FOR CHRISTMAS ★ THE PRESENT WITH A FUTURE
★ ON SALE DAY AND NIGHT AT MOTION PICTURE THEATRES



Consult your hairbrush!

Are you *sure* your hair doesn't offend with scalp odor? Find out! Your hairbrush will tell you.

Your scalp perspires—just as your skin does. But there's no need to risk unpleasant scalp odor with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at hand. Use it regularly and see what a difference it makes... particularly with oily hair, which tends to collect odors.

There's pure, medicinal pine tar in Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. It has a delicate pine scent that chases unpleasant odors... then disappears.

Be sure of a clean, fresh scalp... soft, lustrous hair. Start the Packers habit tonight. You can get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



Start the New Year with a new War Bond.

of us is in the mood to plead with people to buy bonds. We'd just give them the devil!"

"What about the little things you learned about what men expect of American women?" I asked.

"Oh," laughed Frances, "I learned lots about their likes and dislikes. For instance, their favorite color is blue. Whenever I wear a blue evening gown at one of my broadcasts, the men in the troupe tell me, 'You ought to wear that every week.' For some reason, most men hate green. I have to dress for men, because I appear before so many of them. I had one green dress which I wore on the stage once. Bob Hope didn't comment on it till I came out on the stage. Then he said, in front of the audience, 'What's the matter? Did gangrene set in?' I never wore that dress again.

"I haven't worn hats for two years. Most men prefer you not to wear hats. They have said to me, 'You have pretty hair. Let it show. Don't ruin it by putting a hat on it.'

"George Jean Nathan, the famous critic, once said to me, 'Don't wear hats. Let your hair show. Most girls ruin themselves by wearing hats. Don't wear long sleeves. Let your wrists show. Don't cover your ears!'"

"What about other things besides clothes? Did you find out anything else men don't like?" I asked Frances.

"Yes," she said, "they hate a complaining woman. I don't like them myself, so I can't blame the men for loathing them. Never tell a man how unhappy you are because the accommodations you have are terrible, or the food is bad, or the water is too hard. These days, men expect women to take care of their own troubles."

Frances certainly lived up to her own advice. In Africa, she had to wash her hair in buckets of cold water. Sometimes the water was turned off at two in the afternoon, so if she wanted to take a bath, she had to turn on the water before two, and leave it in the tub. She had no bed to sleep in, but slept in a hospital stretcher in the tent under a mosquito net. The net was covered with bugs. Before she went to bed, she spent hours killing the bugs inside the tent. Yet she never complained. She didn't even complain when the boys, who had no bugle for reveille, held reveille by setting off a big can of TNT, which knocked her out of bed right outside of the tent at 5:45 in the morning!

She just picked herself up, laughed, and said to the boys, "So that was what you meant by saying last night that you couldn't hold reveille by bugle but you'd have it just the same. Boys, you certainly had it!"

"There was a time," Frances told me, "when men may have liked clinging vines. Today they prefer women who are self-reliant. Of course, a woman has to know just when to put on an act. Once in a while it's all right for a woman to act

helpless, so as to give a man a chance to feel that he's the great, protecting he-man. All men are egotistical, to a certain extent. It's fine to make them feel big and protective. But today, when a man can't always be with the woman he loves, he wants to know that his wife or sweetheart can take care of herself."

Frances knows whereof she speaks. When the idea of Frances' going on overseas trips was first broached to Jon Hall, he was frightened at the thought that she might be risking her life. He couldn't ask her not to go, for both of them are intensely patriotic. Jon was turned down by the Army; but he serves in the Coast Guard Reserve, where his knowledge of boats is of great help to Uncle Sam.

"Jon's job was much worse than mine," Frances said staunchly. "I had the excitement of my trips and of something interesting happening all the time. But Jon had to wait, often without any news of me, since I couldn't always cable or write from war zones. Waiting was the hardest part. I know it would be for me. I couldn't stand what Jon has had to go through."

And I happen to know that it was tough on Jon. Jon himself has never discussed the matter with anyone and didn't even want Frances to know about it, but during the period when Frances was in Alaska, he became ill with stomach ulcers. When she came back to the United States, she discovered this. Perhaps a physician would say that you couldn't prove that the ulcers were due to worry about Frances; but I personally believe that was the reason Jon became ill.

Frances has become known as the Sweetheart of America's Fighting Fronts. Being a typical American girl herself, she reminds the men of the courage, gallantry and beauty of the girls they themselves love. "Gee, it's wonderful to see an American girl again," they say, as they look at Frances and shyly ask permission to touch her hair. As they touch her hair, they are thinking of you and you and you, their sweethearts at home; and longing for the day when they will be sitting on your front porch, stroking your hair and holding your hand.



Frances Langford and Stuart Boyd Crawford have romantic leads in Universal's "Never A Dull Moment," which stars the Ritz Brothers.

The Bride Grew Up

Continued from page 39

congenial outlook on life between them.

"They weren't love letters," explained Martha. "I wasn't ready for romance, I was all wrapped up in furthering my career. I liked to have fun, and boys were grand for skating, playing tennis and dancing, but it ended right there. Dick was in the Philippines for a long time and in September, 1940, he wrote, 'My waiting period is nearly up and when you see me the next time it won't be platonic. That's over!'"

"Then the war came. The first thing I knew, Dick was in the far Pacific, chief engineer of his ship, and in the thick of things. War speeds up emotions and I found myself thinking of him more and more. And differently. When he returned to San Diego early this spring, he wired asking if mother and I could come down to see him before he was shipped out again. It was when I saw him this time that I knew I was very much in love."

"Dick's formal proposal came on June 24th, during one of his brief furloughs, and I couldn't have dreamed up a more romantic setting. We had driven up the winding roads to the top of one of the highest peaks surrounding San Fernando Valley and there, with the world at our feet, and as near to the stars as we could get, he asked me to marry him. He laughingly told me he had merely been biding his time since our first meeting, had watched me grow up, and now that I was twenty-one he was so pleased with the finished product, he had come to claim me. No, I had no doubts," added Martha, dreamily. "I knew I loved him, and there was no time for coquetry. You see, he was the first boy I ever kissed, and I had never had any other serious romance."

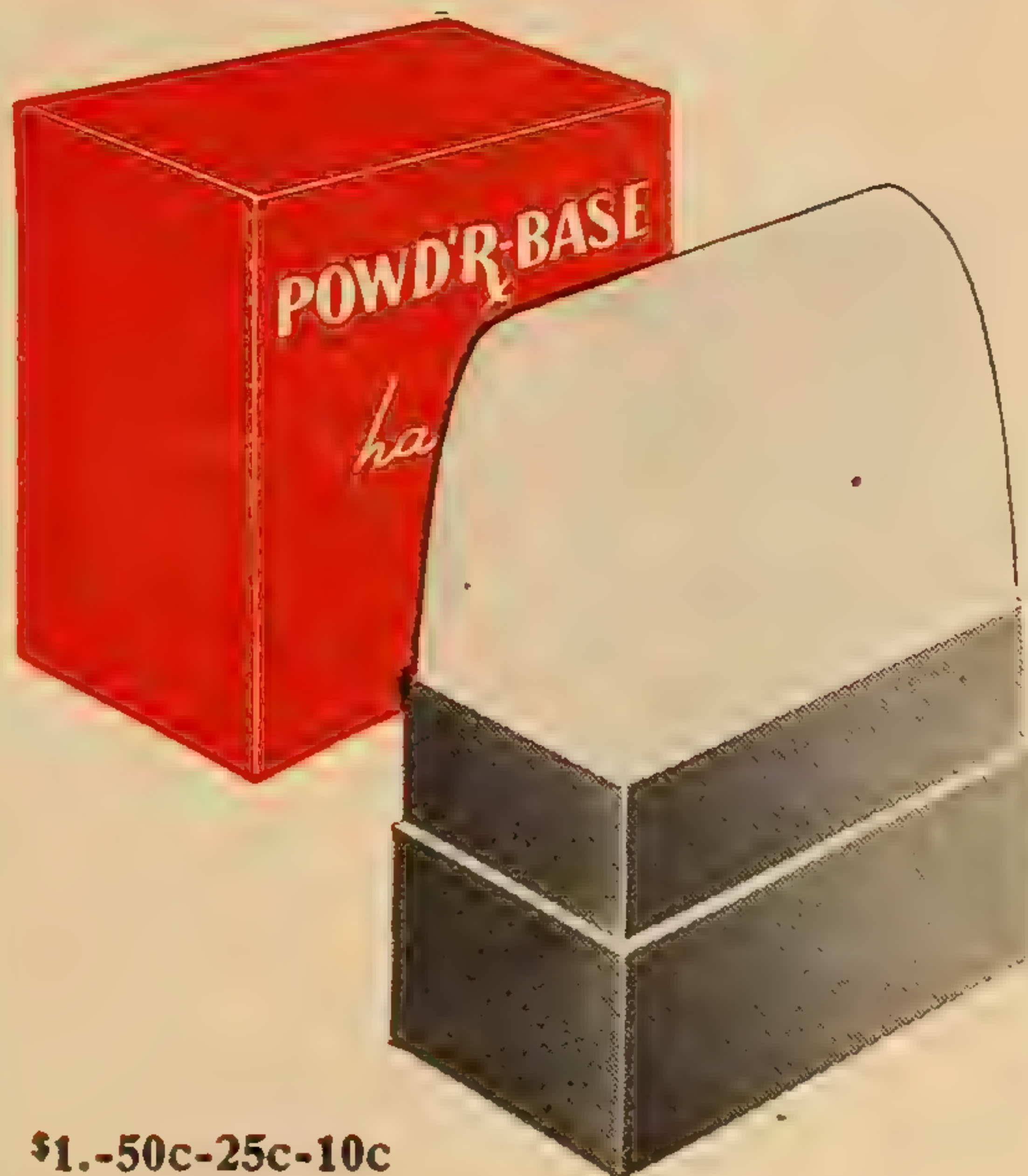
"It is all so *right*. My family is devoted to him, and Mrs. Adams wrote me saying, that while she had not seen me since that night at the theater, she was satisfied, for Dick was very particular! She came on for the wedding and was our house guest for several weeks. We became close friends. I couldn't be happy if mother and Mrs. Adams had not approved."

Martha's engagement ring is the miniature of the Annapolis class ring worn by its officers, and traditionally given to the brides. Hers is of heavy gold with a marquise diamond surrounded by sapphires. On one side is the Navy crest, on the other is the date of Dick's graduation from the Academy.

While they've had many huddles as to their future they can make no plans until the war is over. But they can dream. What they'd like best is, if Uncle Sam no longer vitally needs Lieutenant Commander Adams, that he can retire from active service. He's qualified as an electrical, mechanical and Diesel engineer. He believes there will be vast opportunities, especially in the Diesel field. And they both want to settle in California.

In the meantime, Martha will continue living with her mother and brother Paul, and go on with her career. Her latest picture is "Crazy House," playing the feminine lead with Olsen and Johnson, in

America's BEAUTY FAVORITE



\$1.-50c-25c-10c

HAMPDEN'S powder base is the *cream stick* that really spreads evenly and cleanly... is applied directly to your face, without water or sponge... won't dry out your skin! Try it—and you'll have lovely make-up always.

POWD'R-BASE

Buy Bonds FIRST

hampden

Why have women bought over 25 million HAMPDEN POWD'R-BASE sticks? Because it does more for their complexion than *any other* make-up foundation.

NEVER CAUSES DRY SKIN

Helps hide lines, blemishes.

● *it really does!*

Makes powder cling indefinitely.

● *it really does!*

Gives a smooth, youthful appearance.

● *it really does!*

which she both sings and dances. She hopes her fans will enjoy this change in her characterizations.

So much has happened to Martha in this eventful year. While her movie career has taken on new brilliance, her success is no over-night flash. She's had this goal before her ever since that day when she was eight, and stepped out as a child fashion model in her home town of Tulsa, Oklahoma. It has been a difficult road at times, but deep in her heart she was confident that when she was ready, she would win. So, when she scored a hit in Walter Wanger's "We've Never Been Licked," and another in RKO's "The Fallen Sparrow," she merely blinked her eyes a little faster as she signed a new long-term contract with Universal.

"I managed to keep an outward calm," said Martha, "but I had to find a vent for my galloping emotions. So I went out and bought a house! Anyway, screen success and a home have always been tied up together in my ambitions. It's wonderful to know you've earned enough money before you are twenty-one—my birthday was in March—to buy a home. My mother is also my very best friend, and is doubly dear. She wasn't well for a long time, and we lived on a ranch in Arizona until her health was restored. I've always hoped to give her security, and too, I wanted to provide a home of our own for this happy family. I have two brothers, one now in service, but the fifteen-year-old one is with us."

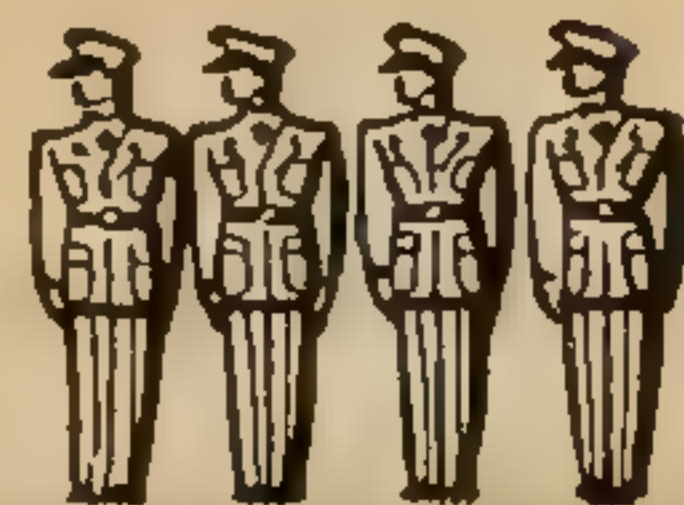
"I love this sun-drenched San Fernando Valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. I love the quiet, shady ave-

nues, and when I saw this white bungalow, with its 120 by 120-foot gardens, all surrounded by a tall cypress hedge, I knew it was the home I was looking for. It was so absolutely perfect that I bought it at once, and we moved right in."

"Now, my marriage completes this wonderful cycle. Richard and I appreciate the 'give and take' element that means happiness, and we intend to hit a harmonious unity in our life together. We both have even dispositions, are not temperamental, argumentative, or bossy, and best of all, we have the same rioting sense of humor that never fails. It strikes the same level—we catch the same slant, the same tempo in our fun. This is important, and I'm sure promotes congeniality. Too, we like all the same things. We love music and books. We ride and swim, play tennis and dance. We like people but aren't dependent upon them for our pleasure, and we can have gorgeous times just by ourselves."

"Our careers differ," she added, wisely, "but we are terrifically proud of the other's triumphs, and we'll never interfere, never intrude. When we can settle down to normal life together, I'll be willing to push aside making pictures. I'm definitely domestic. I like to keep house and cook, and I know how, too. Then, we hope to have a family. So it will be merely embarking on another career—a richer, fuller one."

"Richard has utmost charm and intelligence, stability and a warm, responsive emotion. So," said Martha gaily, "behold a happy, contented wife. Even if, for a time, I must be a lonely Navy wife!"



Eyes RIGHT! for Romance

Eyes are always right when you use WINX.

WINX brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance—gives you a new, fascinating loveliness. Try WINX today.

WINX Mascara (either solid or creamy) makes lashes appear darker, longer, more luxuriant. For complete eye make-up use WINX Eyebrow Pencil and WINX Eye Shadow. All are water-resistant, easy to use. Insist on WINX for finer quality. At drug, department or 10¢ stores.

Winx
FOR LOVELY EYES



PIN-UPS

25 Glamorous Beauties

that will make your heart skip a beat. All 25 for \$1.00. 8x5 photographic offset. 4 in glorious colors. Pin a dollar to this ad and write your name and address plainly.

RICHMAN, 1211 6th Ave.,
New York 19, N. Y.

★ SONG POEMS WANTED

To Be Set to Music

★ Publishers need new songs! Submit one or more of your best poems for immediate consideration. Any subject. Send poem. PHONOGRAPH RECORDS MADE.

★ FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 605 Beacon Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Team Work

Continued from page 31

Miss Allbritton leaped into the breach. "Will you have it straight or with improvisations?" she asked, real suddenlike.

"With soda, if you don't mind," the reporter said, relieved.

Miss Allbritton laughed, a merry, robust laugh. "I meant our life history," Miss Allbritton said. "But I can take a hint." She got up and began making appropriate sounds over the telephone.

The reporter took that opportunity to lean over and pop the question to young Mr. Paige. "Are things always this quiet with you two?" he asked, coming right out.

Mr. Paige looked bewildered for a second. Then he snorted. "I'm afraid you're confusing our public and our private lives," he said, amused. "To be sure, I married Louise in 'Fired Wife' and I'd do it again—I think—in 'Her Primitive Man' and Lord knows how many times after that. But that's as far as it goes."

"I get it," the psychic reporter said. "You're already married."

"I happily married," Mr. Paige corrected.

Miss Allbritton hove to with information that reinforcements were on the way.

"A chicken sandwich for me?" Mr. Paige inquired.

"Yes, and three chocolate eclairs for me," Miss Allbritton said, jubilantly.

It seemed the proper moment to ask how the two happened to be thrown together in a picture that sent their stock zooming to a record high.

"I stooged for everyone else on the lot," Mr. Paige said, "and I guess it was inevitable that they have me stooge for Louise."

"Isn't he a dear boy?" Miss Allbritton said, grimacing. "It would probably be nearer the truth to say that it was a mere matter of expediency. Being five feet eight and a half, I am hardly the petite type. Bob, if you haven't already noticed, is quite a hunk of man—six feet one and a half, according to my lightning measurer."

"Six feet two," Mr. Paige said.

"And that's how it all happened?" the reporter said.

"Substantially," the two said. Whereupon the conversation was promptly detoured to a discussion of favorite picture stars.

"I am not able to resist Clark Gable," Miss Allbritton said.

"I'd go in a barrel to see Madeleine Carroll," Mr. Paige said, not to be outdone.

It became suddenly obvious that the new comedy team of Paige and Allbritton was that rarity of rarities, a comedy team that preferred talking about everything else under the sun except the comedy team of Paige and Allbritton. A firm hand was indicated. "Supposing you explain how it all happened, right from the beginning, Miss Allbritton," the reporter suggested. Miss Allbritton looked depressed for a moment. The door bell rang. It was room service with the reinforcements. Miss Allbritton bounded up, saw

to her guests, and returned. Beaming behind a chocolate eclair, she launched her story.

Universal's Allbritton, it seems, is Oklahoma-born, Texas-bred, and California-groomed. She was three weeks old when her pappy, L. L. Allbritton, quit Oklahoma City for Wichita Falls, Texas.

To hear her tell it, you certainly couldn't guess from looking that she was going to grow up into a movie star. At seven she was a tough little article who used to undo her chums' hair ribbons at school and, on occasions, put tacks in boys' chairs. At ten she was a prairie *Huck Finn*. And at fourteen, when most up-and-coming movie stars are already some shakes in the town's drama circles, she was a triple-threat football player with a broken nose, a sprained ankle, and a dislocated shoulder—all of them hers—to her credit.

She didn't much want to go to college, but Allbritton père, who had only gone as far as the third grade himself and was hipped on the subject of education, had other views. They slugged it out and came up with a compromise: after two years of college she could quit if she wanted to.

College she remembers for three reasons. Item one: she fell in (and out of) love for the first time. Item two: she picked up an inferiority complex that she hasn't shaken loose to this good day. Item three: at the beginning of her sophomore year she was bitten by the drama bug, so that, come June, she came home, eased the body into a comfortable chair in the living room, and announced she was determined to become an actress.

"You're going to become what?" the head of the Allbritton clan exploded.

"That's right, daddy, an actress," Louise said, just as Gertrude Lawrence must have said it years before.

"Either you're pulling my leg or you've gone out of your mind, daughter," her sire stormed.

"I'm not pulling your leg, daddy," his pride and joy came back. Exit Allbritton père, fuming.

Well, come fall and she packed her things and took off for California to study acting under Gilmor Brown at the celebrated Pasadena Playhouse, minus the blessings of her father whose parting shot was: "Let me know when you've had enough, daughter, and I'll wire you passage home."

She created no stir when she hit the Playhouse for the first time. A dark Adonis, like Louise hell-bent on becoming somebody in the acting profession, lost no time in offering her words of encouragement.

"You ought to become a sensation, sweetie," he said disarmingly. When she asked why, he looked grave for a while. "Because there's so much of you to like," he said chuckling.

"He was referring to my 160 pounds," the Allbritton explains, "160 pounds which, for several reasons, were not with me for very long."

She had been at Pasadena only a few months when she was given the Billie Burke part in "Dinner At Eight," which she executed creditably enough to win the eye of Gilmor Brown who promptly took her in hand and cast her as the scarlet woman in "Comedy of Errors." She was such a superb wanton, her svelte figure draped with red satin and her hair piled up on top of her head in Mae West fashion, that the critics went to town over her. A few weeks later she received her first movie offer which she promptly turned down. She turned down a half dozen movie offers before she quit Pasadena, fully convinced that she wasn't glamorous and, hence, unsuited for pictures.

She tarried with the Playhouse for three years, buffeting art on one hand and an inexorable parental wrath on the other. For her art she endured much, even to the extent of making the acquaintance of divers California loan sharks and pawnbrokers with whom she periodically hocked assorted jools and trinkets while awaiting the mere-subsistence stipend mailed her each month by her daughter-doting but stage-loathing sire, stipends accompanied by such embarrassing questions as: "Is the theater worth it, honey?"

Apprenticeship over, she cast about for a chance to display her wares for money, found California cluttered with would-be actresses and barren of live plays, and wound up accepting Warners' glib promise to make her a star, provided, of course, she passed the screen test, a veritable major production that set the studio back a cool five G's. She passed the tests with flying colors, only to learn that she was a "pretty big girl and we already have a pretty big girl on the lot by the name of Alexis Smith." She was lolling around town and wondering how long it would be before she would have to toss in the sponge and wire her father she was coming home when someone over at Columbia offered her a part in a Grade B-picture, two weeks' work at \$250 a week, which she snapped up.

After that, she put on a real campaign to get into pictures. She got herself an agent, a little guy with a heart of gold and an indestructible larynx, and started punching. For a while it was pretty tough going. Five feet eight and a half to start with, she had a passion for French heels which made her look like an Amazon, especially alongside of her energetic little agent. They lost count of how many brush-offs they received before Louise got wise to herself, began wearing low heels, and advised her agent to have his built up. Not long afterward she snagged the lead in an unassuming Universal epic by the name of "Danger In The Pacific," did well by Universal and herself, was put under contract, followed through with creditable chores in "It Comes Up Love," and was rewarded by being clapped into an Abbott and Costello picture, "Who Done It?" She did well enough in "Who Done It?" to be given a real chance in "Pittsburgh," where she actually got an opportunity to steal John Wayne from none other than Marlene Dietrich. The critics raised such a din over her performance that Universal decided to see whether she could

carry half of an entire A-picture by herself and gave her the part of the mad Tig Callahan in "Fired Wife," with what results you already know.

The theater may have stood sponsor to the screen career of Louise Allbritton, but Robert Paige doesn't owe it a darn thing. With not so much as a single stage play to his credit, he has wanted to be in pictures (and done his darndest about it) for most of his 31 years.

Born John Page at Indianapolis, the son of a retired British naval officer, and second cousin of the late Sir David Beatty, hero of the battle of Jutland, he had just settled on his life career, the movies, when his family removed to Hollywood in time for young John, who will henceforth be called Robert, to enter Hollywood High and to land a part in a school operetta. For four years he champed at the bit (except when he was appearing in operettas) waiting to be awarded a diploma. When it came, he promptly renounced (and denounced) college and began his assault on the movies by dropping by Central Casting and registering as an extra. When no call came, he decided to do it the hard way—via radio.

Hard way is right. He cast about for a radio station that might want to hire a crooner and eventually found one. It was Station KGER, a miniature station over at Long Beach. For his chanting he was paid the munificent sum of \$1 a day, most of which went for carfare.

His uphill struggle to gain a foothold in radio from which he could launch an assault at the movies was both dismal and disheartening. By comparison a snail was a veritable rocket. By day he slaved as a one-man variety show on unimportant small-waters and by night he dreamed of blasting a hole in pictures.

Periodically, he would visit the casting departments of the studios, smile engagingly at the receptionist, and inquire how about a test. Every six months or so one of the casting directors would break down, test him, and reject him. The general verdict was this: too young-looking for a leading man and too old-looking for a juvenile. Undaunted, he kept trying. A Metro casting director, remembering with what good grace he had received the verdict of "No dice," called him up one day and told him he could pick up a fast sawbuck or two doing a bit in the next Jean Harlow picture, "The Blonde Bombshell." He leaped at the chance, fairly swooned at the sight of the immortal Harlow, and tossed a wicked party in honor of his crashing the films with the \$50 he picked up. It was fool's gold. He didn't make another buck from the cinema until two years later when he did another bit in "The Late Christopher Bean," starring Marie Dressler.

He had been in radio for five years and was toiling as announcer and chief production manager (at \$50 a week) for Station KMTR when a friend of his by the name of Rosina Lawrence suggested he try selling bonds. She even volunteered a list of good prospects. He thought it over and decided to give it a whirl.

As a bond salesman, he was a sensational hula dancer. He was making with

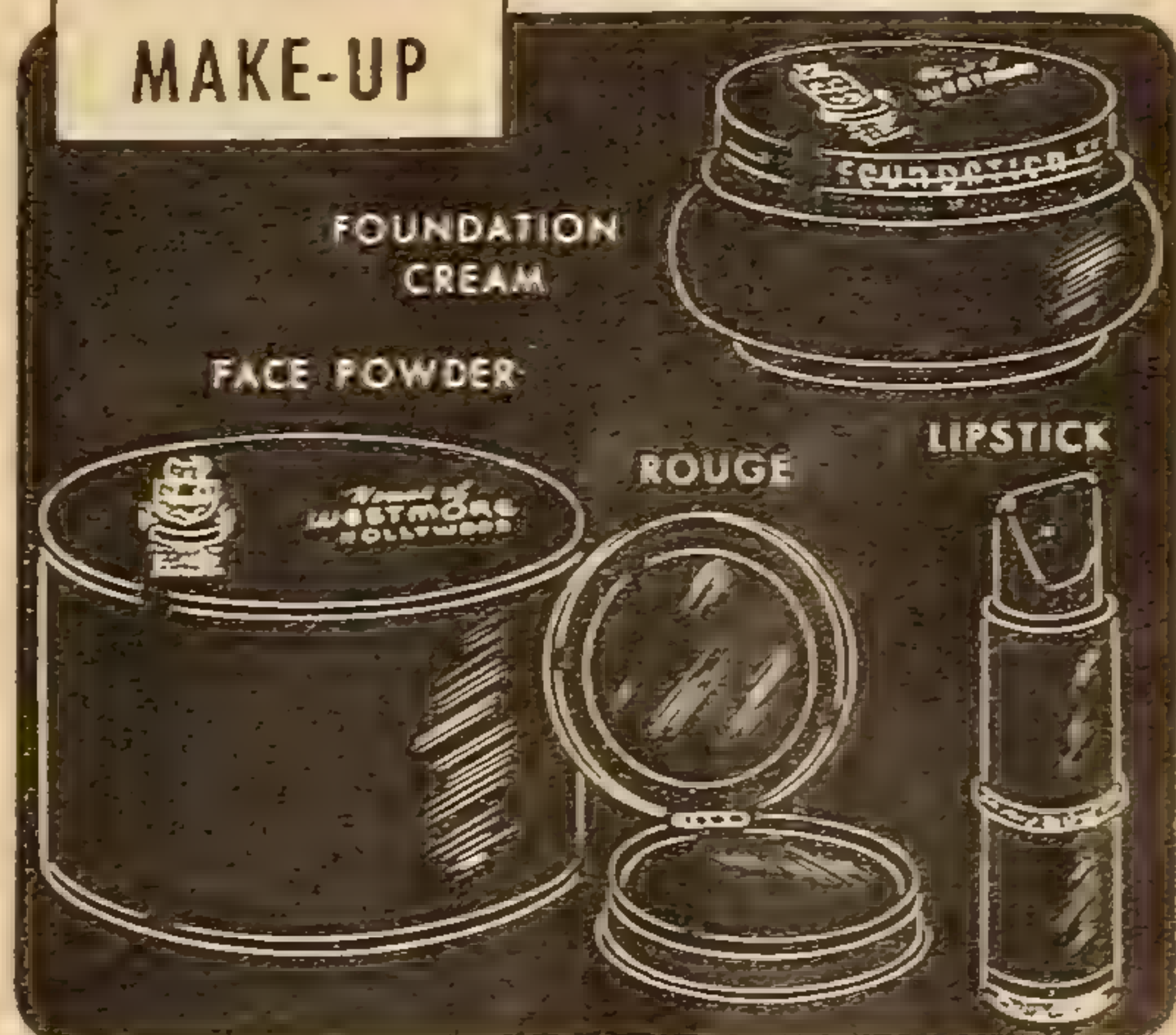
Make-up

by the men who
make-up the
Hollywood Stars



OLIVIA
DE HAVILLAND
IN
Princess O'ROURKE
A Warner Bros. Picture

House of
WESTMORE
MAKE-UP



One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty ... goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectively hides tiny lines and blemishes ... does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin ... never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent
sizes—regardless
of price, you can-
not buy better.

House of
WESTMORE
MAKE-UP



Perc Westmore,
Director of Make-up
Warner Bros. Studios,
Hollywood

GUARD YOUR NAILS WITH SEAL-COTE



Busy hands deserve protection for beauty's sake. More and more smart women are finding SEAL-COTE an amazing beauty aid. SEAL-COTE protects the nails and the polish — adds lustre! Make your manicures last longer—"SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day."



For generous sample, clip this ad and send with 15c to cover mailing. Seal-Cote Co., 759 Seward, Hollywood, Calif.

SEAL-COTE

25c at Cosmetic Counters

★ E

Do You Want LONGER HAIR

Just try this system on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of attractive hair that so often captures love and romance.

HAIR MAY GET LONGER when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the **JUELENE SYSTEM** 7 days, let your mirror prove results. Send \$1.00. (If C. O. D. postage extra). Fully guaranteed. Money back if you're not delighted.

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Rd., Dept. A-602, Chicago, Ill.

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY

Smart new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—**GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each. Send name and address today for order. We trust you. Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. 468-E, Jefferson, Ia.

STAMMER?

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 43 years. **Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 3250, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.**

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

POEMS WANTED

To be set to music. Send your song poem today for free examination by nationally famous hit composer. Our new 6 step plan is most liberal and complete ever offered. Write today for free booklet.

SCREENLAND RECORDERS
Dept. S Hollywood 28, California

Asthma Agony Curbed First Day For Thousands of Sufferers

Choking, gasping, wheezing Bronchial Asthma attacks poison your system, ruin your health and put a load on your heart. Thousands quickly and easily palliate recurring choking, gasping Bronchial Asthma symptoms with a doctor's prescription called **Mendaco** to help nature remove thick strangling excess mucus and promote freer breathing and restful sleep. **Mendaco** is not a smoke, dope or injection. Just pleasant tasteless tablets. Iron clad guarantee—money back unless satisfactory. **Mendaco** is only 60c at druggists.

his song and dance about the beauty of investing in some nice conservative bonds in the direction of one Howard Lang, actor's agent, when Mr. Lang signalled for him to cease firing.

"You're a lousy bond salesman, Mr. Paige," he said, "but I think you've got definite prospects as an actor."

Paige did a double-take.

"I'm in dead earnest. To prove it, I'm ready to go to work—right now."

Naturally, Paige gave him the go ahead sign, but he kept his fingers crossed. Maybe that did the trick. At any rate, twenty-four hours later he was under contract to Warners.

It is a little early to start feeling relieved about our Mr. Paige. Several distressing years were to pass before he was out of the woods for fair. But getting back to our story, Warners put a mustache on our hero and gave him a singing rôle in "Cain and Mabel." He was so star-struck that he turned in a horrible performance—so he says. It is a matter of record that no one at Warners got hysterical about his prospects. On top of everything else, he was suddenly taken ill, languished with the miseries for almost a year, and recovered in time to be notified by Warners that his services were no longer required.

Once more he made the rounds of the studios and came up, after running out of money, with a contract over at Columbia. For a year he galloped in horse operas, cavorted awesomely in G-man dramas, and leered in horror pictures. At the end of the year the Columbia poohbah in charge of renewing contracts sum-

moned him to his office, made a wry face, complained of the surplus of young leading men, and suggested that Paige include Columbia out of his plans.

He was only out of work seven months before the talent boys at Paramount got interested in him, as a result of a piece of Columbia film, and invited him to come to work. He was doing well at Paramount ("Women Without Men," "Dead On Arrival," etc.), when a change of regime put him on the skids. Just before his contract was due to expire, Paramount loaned him to Universal for a single picture. When Paramount failed to pick up his option, Universal stepped in and he went over on downs.

Why kid you? Life at Universal wasn't exactly a picnic. Being tall, handsome, and engaging, he was an ideal general-utility man, a fact which Universal never—or almost never—lost sight of. For three years he stooged it all over the place, appeared in something like thirty pictures, a half dozen with Grace McDonald, a couple with Gloria Jean, a Durbin or two, a Baby Sandy, and what have you. Curiously enough, it was his very minor appearance in the Donald O'Connor starring picture "Mister Big" that paved the way for his stardom. Studio maharajahs scanning the picture just before its release were suddenly reminded that they had an interesting-looking man on the lot and here was Hollywood fairly denuded of interesting men. They talked it over and teamed him up with Miss Allbritton.

You know perfectly well what happened after that.

Streamlined Living

Continued from page 8

in more War Savings Stamps and Bonds.

Each girl is a member of a family of three; larger amounts of produce spoil if one family bought for itself. Besides, seeing each other's lists gives each girl new ideas. They swap recipes.

"I suppose natural-born cooks never hesitate when marketing," said Julie. "They look at an onion, an eggplant and a loaf of raisin bread and a whole dinner scheme dawns on them. But we do it the hard way. We'll never bring home a cooking prize."

"My father had retired before Pearl Harbor, but he went at once into a war plant for the duration, and my mother keeps house since our maid began sticking rivets in airplane wings. I merely assemble food. But I'm learning something about that."

One of the things Julie has learned is that food is a weapon of war. "There's plenty of food in this country. If it happens that Uncle Sam is sending supplies of certain items abroad to armed forces or allies, we cheerfully buy something else."

Faye, a young divorcée, maintains a home for a three-year-old son and a maid. She used to write out menus and let her maid market, but has found it more economical and much more fun to join the Marketeers.

"We are pleasantly surprised at the way rationing works out," she commented. "As a rule, we have plenty of points for meat and we're becoming ingenious at figuring out specialties that are delicious for meatless days."

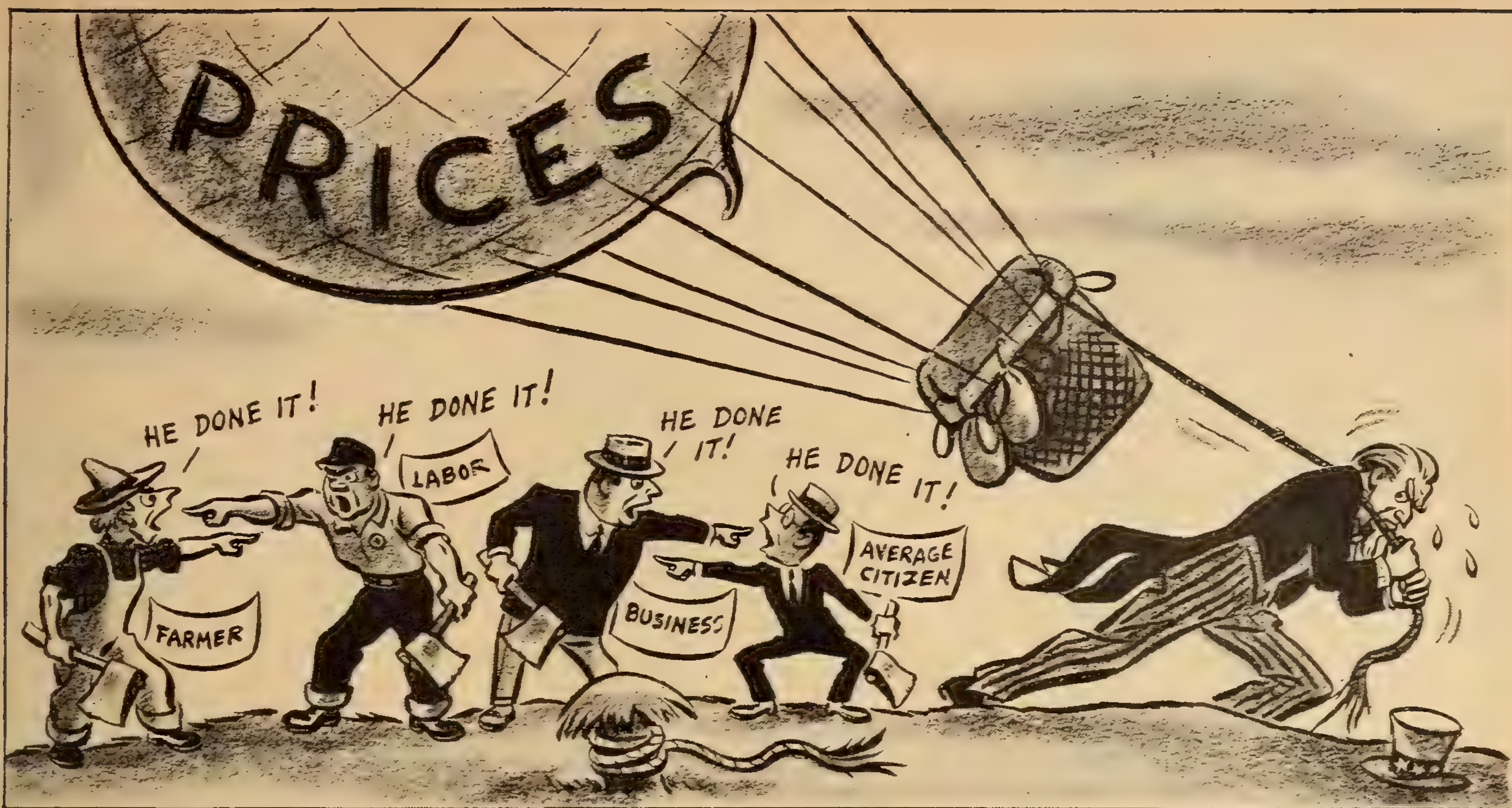
"We plan to join forces during the holidays and entertain servicemen together, as the Hollywood Canteen and USO have suggested. And we shall provide the kind of meal they never have in camp. It's only right that turkeys should go to fighting forces. The boys we invite will probably have had turkey dinner in camp during the holidays and will enjoy Julie's marvelous meat loaf, Joyce's spaghetti and meat balls, or my *Juevos Rancheros*."

"We hope to give a New Year's Eve dinner with guests from the USO. We'll give that at Julie's California farmhouse, as she's closest to town and that saves gas."

Meat loaf is Julie's sole cooking accomplishment and it's very good.

MEAT LOAF

- 2 lbs. chuck beef, ground
- 2 small peeled onions, minced
- 3 tbs. salt
- 1 tbs. dry mustard
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 1/4 cup ground suet
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 eggs
- 2 tbs. bottled horseradish
- 4 tbs. minced green pepper



Never mind "who done it"—pitch in and help get it down!

THIS IS YOUR UNCLE SAM talking—but I'm going to talk to you like a DUTCH uncle, to keep all of us from going broke.

Ever since the Axis hauled off and hit us when we weren't looking, prices have been nudging upwards. Not rising awfully fast, but **RISING**.

Most folks, having an average share of common sense, know rising prices are **BAD** for them and **BAD** for the country. So there's been a lot of finger pointing and hollering for the **OTHER FELLOW** to do something—**QUICK**.

The government's been yelled at, too. "DOGGONNIT," folks have said, "WHY doesn't the government keep prices down?"

Well, the government's done a lot. That's what price ceilings and wage controls are for—to keep prices down. Rationing helps, too.

But let me tell you this—we're *never* going to keep prices down just by leaning on the government and yelling for

the **OTHER FELLOW** to mend his ways.

We've **ALL** got to help—**EVERY LAST ONE OF US**.

Sit down for a minute and think things over. Why are most people making more money today? It's because of the **SAME** cussed war that's killing and maiming some of the finest young folks this country ever produced.

So if anyone uses his extra money to buy things he's in no particular need of . . . if he bids against his neighbor for stuff that's hard to get and pushes prices up . . . well, sir, he's a **WAR PROFITEER**. That's an ugly name—but there's just no other name for it.

Now, if I know Americans, we're not going to do that kind of thing, once we've got our **FACTS** straight.

All right, then. Here are the seven rules we've got to follow as **GOSPEL** from now until this war is over. Not some of them—**ALL** of them. Not some of us—**ALL OF US**, farmers, businessmen, laborers, white-collar workers!

Buy only what you need. A patch on your pants is a badge of honor these days.

Keep your OWN prices DOWN. Don't ask higher prices—for your own labor, your own services, or goods you sell. Resist all pressure to force **YOUR** prices up!

Never pay a penny more than the ceiling price for **ANYTHING**. Don't buy rationed goods without giving up the right amount of coupons.

Pay your taxes willingly, no matter how stiff they get. This war's got to be paid for and *taxes are the cheapest way to do it*.

Pay off your old debts. Don't make any new ones.

Start a savings account and make regular deposits. Buy and keep up life insurance.

Buy War Bonds and hold on to them. Buy them with dimes and dollars it **HURTS** like blazes to do without.

Start making these sacrifices now—keep them up for the duration—and this country of ours will be sitting pretty after the war . . . *and so will you*.

Uncle Sam

KEEP PRICES DOWN!

Use it up • Wear it out
Make it do • Or do without

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

Reduce FAT!

**NO EXERCISE
NO REDUCING DRUGS
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS**

**THOUSANDS LOSE
3 to 5 LBS. A WEEK,
YET EAT PLENTY!**

Simply take a half teaspoonful of **KELP-I-DINE** with any meal. (preferably at breakfast) **EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO. DON'T CUT OUT** fatty, starchy foods, merely **CUT DOWN** on them. **That's all there is to it!**

USERS SAY

"Doctor approved."
"Makes one feel wonderful."
"Lost 15 pounds in 5 weeks."
"Feel so much better."
"Lost 21 pounds in 4 weeks."

\$1.00 **ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY**
AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO. H2
947 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
Enclosed find \$1.00 for one month's supply of **KELP-I-DINE** to be sent to me postage prepaid. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my \$1.00 will be refunded.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Screenland, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1943. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John R. Heine, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Screenland, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Paul C. Hunter, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Delight Evans, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, John R. Heine, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: Hunter Publications, Inc., 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Paul Hunter, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; John F. Cuneo Company, 2242 Grove St., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. John R. Heine, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1943. Edith M. Garramone. (My commission expires March 30, 1944.) Seal.

Mix all ingredients, turn into greased loaf pan or casserole. Bake in hot oven at 400 degrees F. for one hour. This serves six.

Faye's *Juevos Rancheros* belong with a meatless meal wherein they appear with fried Mexican beans, green salad, bread twists, fruit, coffee and nuts. This is how you prepare them:

JUEVOS RANCHEROS

Heat 2 tablespoons olive oil in a large frying pan, add ½ cup finely chopped onion and stir and cook until onion is light brown; add 2 cups of those tomatoes you canned from your Victory garden, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon chili powder, 1 cup French mushroom pieces and stems, few pieces of red peppers chopped; stir and cook 3 minutes.

Have 6 unbeaten eggs in a cold bowl. When sauce is ready, slide them into it, let cook until eggs are set, lift out eggs onto squares of buttered toast, place on hot platter, pour sauce around and serve.

If they serve this, however, they intend to use double the recipe.

Joyce Reynolds lives with her mother and grandmother in an attractive triplex near the University of California. They own the apartment building and live in one unit. Quite naturally, Joyce doesn't cook. She arrives on shopping expeditions with a market list made out by her mother, but she is the shopper who evolved the Marketeer's motto: *Don't be a food waster*. The girls carry home only as much as they can use of anything, swapping some of this for some of that. Vegetables and salads that should

be eaten before they lose their vitamins are carefully divided.

Joyce is the girl with the recipe for spaghetti and meat balls. Here it is:

SPAGHETTI

Put spaghetti in fast boiling salted water and boil for 20 minutes; drain. When water has drained out of spaghetti, put under cold water faucet and let cold water run over it a moment, washing out excess starch, then turn back into pot with a lump of butter and two cups of hot tomato sauce and stir to thoroughly mix. When very hot place on dish or platter, set meat balls on top, sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and serve.

MEAT BALLS

Remove fat and bones from enough cooked beef to make 3 cups after it has been run through the fine knife of a meat chopper; mix this with 1 cup bread crumbs, 2 egg yolks, 1 teaspoon minced parsley, 1 minced clove garlic, salt, pepper.

Roll mixture into twelve balls, roll balls in flour and fry a nice brown in hot butter or cooking fat. Set on spaghetti and cover with a cup of tomato sauce, very hot.

There should be plenty of cranberries this year, according to reports from the food front, so cranberry relish—chopped fresh cranberries and apples—or cranberry sauce will be served.

The green salad will contain items from Julie's Victory garden (which still flourishes in California's mild climate), plus things from the Farmers' Market. They like to combine as many greens as possible—romaine, lettuce, celery, endive, chicory and cress.



Dick Haymes, who is known as the "Juke Box King," tries out one of the new song numbers composed by Jimmy McHugh (seated) and Harold Adamson for Dick's first motion picture. Opposite, Dick with his wife, the former Cococabana beauty, Joanne Marshal.

Bread twists are a Farmers' Market specialty. Faye likes to serve fruit, cheese and nuts at the end of a meal because she thinks them good conversation starters, as people have time to talk while peeling fruit, spreading cheese on crackers or busy cracking nuts.

In case red ration points run out before they can buy cheese, or they decide to substitute a more "dessert-y" dish, Joyce has another family recipe to suggest which she is sure will appeal to a hearty male appetite.

LANCASTER APPLE TART

Line the sides of a deep baking dish with good pie paste.

Peel and core 8 even-sized tart apples; place in saucepan, add water to ½ their height, cover and cook till tender, keep whole and be careful not to break. Drain cooked apples and set them upright in the lined baking dish, fill core holes with orange marmalade, sprinkle lightly with granulated sugar and cover the top of dish with lattice of pastry strips.

Bake in quick oven to a nice brown and serve hot.

The girls will give their guests the choice of going dancing after dinner or spending an evening at home, which may include helping with the dishes, rolling up the rugs and playing games. Perhaps they'll play cards—one table of bridge and one of gin rummy, changing partners after each game. Perhaps they'll have pen and pencil games, including Guggenheim and Consequences. Or maybe they'll go in for quiz games. Joyce likes that variety of quiz in which each

member of the party draws up six questions, becoming master of ceremonies in turn, and the highest score wins.

Julie's house is Early American. Someone gave her a big painting of deer framed in blonde wood, and this started Julie on a collection of china and pottery animals, preferably so arranged that something can be planted in them. A procession of pottery burros bearing cactus plants, rabbits trailing sprigs of smilax or geraniums march along her tables.

"I'm mad about flowers," she said, "but once the gas furnace is turned on in the Fall, flowers fade away too quickly. I've started half a dozen sweet potato vines in a dark closet and they are about ready to decorate the mantel with fresh greens."

The triplex where Joyce lives had a so-called "spare room" before Joyce became an actress. Then she decided she had to have a den where she could study her lines without interruption. When the war is over, she will "do" this room after a plan she's been secretly making—and re-making!—ever since she left school, but now Uncle Sam's patriotic niece, Joyce, puts every extra penny into War Bonds. So for the duration she did this:

Red is her favorite color. One day she happened to be in a Hollywood shop when she saw a sale of colorful red-checked tablecloths, and impulsively bought a number of them with napkins to match. She had curtains made of the cloths and hung them at her den windows, covered a studio couch with a red-checked slip-cover, made pillow slips for it of the same material, as well as chair-backs for her Windsor chairs. From the napkins she made mats for half a dozen pictures. The pictures are a little different, because she chose them from her collection of greeting and Christmas cards.

Faye lives in a French Provincial house, a delightful place recently done over by one-time-picture-star William Haines, in rag rugs and English chintz and lovely old cottage pieces. The effect is charming.

One of Faye's own innovations is the planting of herb gardens in her window boxes. Mint, tarragon, chervil and parsley grow in the more shady boxes; chives, rosemary, sweet basil and dill in the sunnier ones.

"I got the idea from the herbs at Farmers' Market," laughed Faye. "I started out just using mint with lamb, and some of the rest in soups for flavoring. But I've found that rosemary is simply divine in spinach and carrots and adds a *fillip* to lamb stew. Chop the leaves as well as the seed of dill over avocado or new potatoes and get a new taste thrill, as they say on the radio. Tarragon added to vinegar makes a really distinguished salad dressing—oh yes, and try chervil in omelets."

Use herbs sparingly, Faye warns. The best way is to chop up small quantities in sweet butter. Or add a little to butter substitutes. Of course you don't do this when you are putting herbs into vinegar! Most of us know about mint, but did you ever try orange mint? It has small round leaves, makes a pretty plant, and is excellent for iced tea or mint vinegar.



DON'T LET HAIRFUSSING RUIN THE PICTURE!

USE GRIP-TUTH

25c

Do as the movie stars do — hold your hair securely in place with GRIP-TUTH HAIRTAINERS*. Regardless of hair-style, the exclusive spring-tooth action grips the hair gently but firmly. Hair can't stray, because HAIRTAINERS* can't fall out! Card of two (or one extra length) 25c at beauty salons, chain and department stores.

DIADEM, INC., LEOMINSTER, MASS., DEPT. K1.

*Trade Marks reg. U. S. Patent Office

WOMEN in FUNCTIONAL DISTRESS

1943 MAY 1943

Due to Colds, Worry, Fear, Etc.

Use **SAXON'S** PERIODIC MEDICINE

\$2.00 A BOX POST PAID

3 BOXES \$5.00 C.O.D. POSTAGE EXTRA

SAXON PRODUCTS, Dept. 19
608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

Special Delivery Service

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To

J. CHAS. McNEIL

A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC

510-V So. Alexandria Los Angeles 5, Calif.

Keep Perspiring Feet Dry and Sweet

Excessive perspiration often makes your feet uncomfortable — socks or stockings damp, as well as causing disagreeable foot odors. Try dusting your feet and shoes with Allen's Foot-Ease. Easy — quick — convenient. It acts to absorb excess perspiration and prevent odors. If you are breaking in a new pair of shoes or if you are wearing an ill-fitting tight pair, there's nothing like Allen's Foot-Ease to relieve the friction that makes feet feel so uncomfortable. For real foot comfort, be sure to ask for Allen's Foot-Ease today!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS



This lipstick is NO Tattletale

DON JUAN is the new, modern lipstick that *stays on you!* —leaves no flaunting stains or embarrassing smears. The lovely Don Juan shades keep your lips fresh-looking, softly glowing, *hours longer.* Smart women have already bought a million dollars' worth of the new Don Juan.

Check these 4 beauty extras:

1. **DON JUAN LIPSTICK STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed.
2. **LOOKS BETTER:** No greasy "hard" look, no need for constant retouching.
3. **NOT DRYING OR SMEARY:** Imparts appealing, soft "glamour" look. No ragged lips. Creamy smooth — easily applied. Over 7,000,000 sold.
4. **STYLE SHADES:** Try Military Red, a rich, glowing red, acclaimed by beauty editors. Six other shades.

Deluxe size \$1. Refills 60c.
Junior Size 25c. Tax extra.
Matching powder & rouge.
Trial sizes at 10c stores.
© DON JUAN INC., NEW YORK



A Fascinating Hobby COLLECT MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

We have them all. Actual, original photos, glossy prints, size 8x10. The kind you see in movie lobbies. Also scenes from all recent films, 4 for \$1.00—12 for \$2.50. We have the largest and finest collection of movie photos in the country. Your first order will convince you. Send money order or U. S. 2c and 3c stamps.

Bram Studio—Studio 494

306 W. 44th St., New York City 18, N.Y.

POEMS WANTED

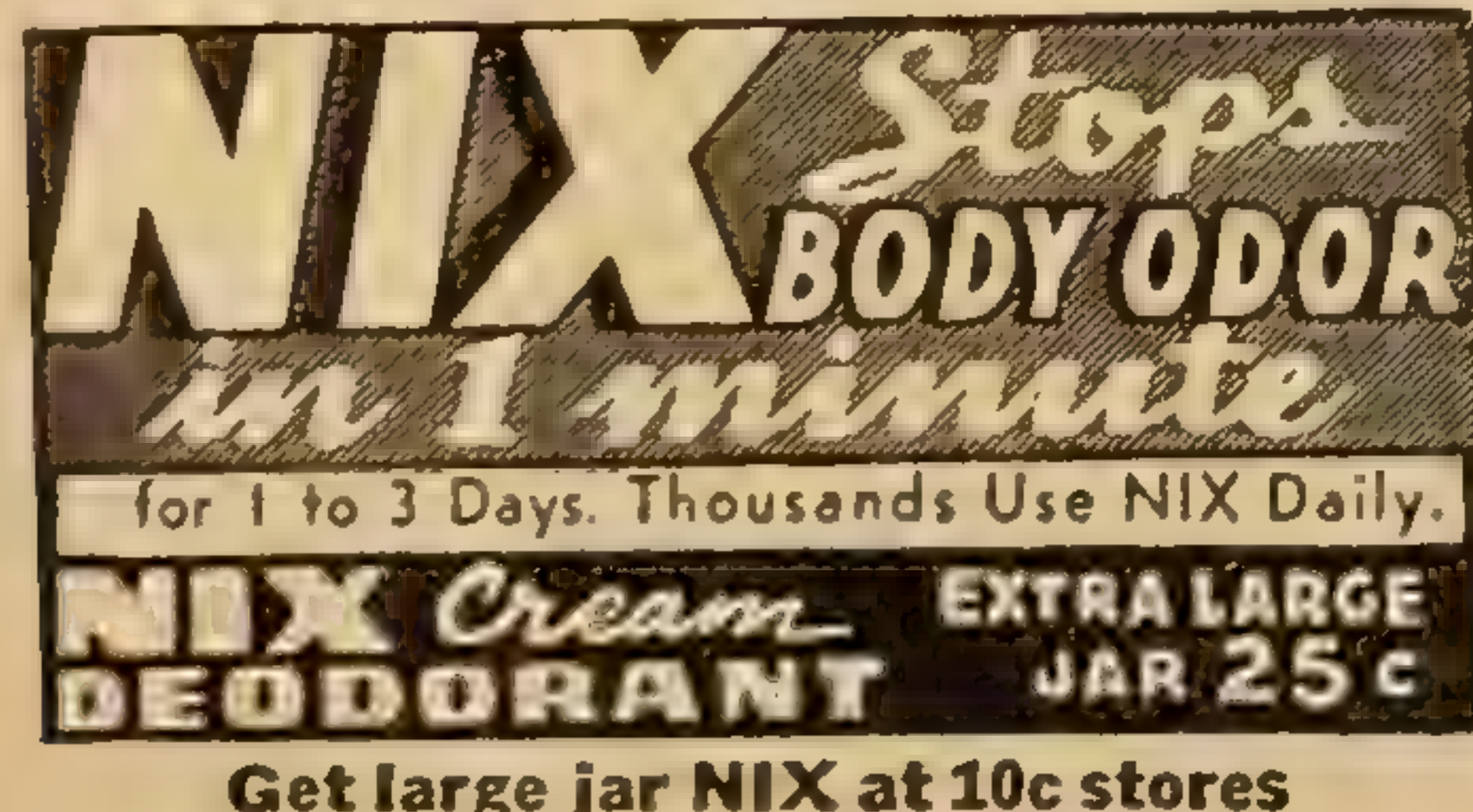
For Musical Setting

Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. **DON'T DELAY**—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate examination and **FREE RHYMING DICTIONARY**.

RICHARD BROTHERS 28 WOODS BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILL.

WILL YOUR CHILD GO TO COLLEGE?

Yes, if you start saving now in War Bonds! To insure Victory and the continuance of education unshackled by tyrants, remember that you get back \$4 for every \$3 you invest—and that in the meantime, your money will be safe.



Get large jar NIX at 10c stores

SONGWRITERS

If you're really interested in songwriting, you should write for our free booklet. It explains our splendid service plan which new writers praise so highly. Let us help you as we have helped others. Write today for **FREE INSPIRING BOOKLET**. **ALLIED MUSIC CO., Dept. 10, 204 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio**



Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with **SHAMPO-KOLOR**, quickly, easily, yourself, at home. Any shade, close to scalp. No dyed look. Will not rub off. Permits perm. wave. No experience needed. Caution: Use only as directed on label. Free Book, Valligny Prod. Inc., Dept. 20-R, 254 W. 31st St., N.Y.

A Letter to My Son

Continued from page 45

they are all so glad to see us. I had a few gags and stories that I threw at them, and they all laughed as though they had never heard them before. Even if an actor or actress doesn't do a thing but just make an appearance, they are most happy to see them.

To return again to you and the air service, I don't think I told you at the time how proud I was that Colonel Earl Robbins gave me the chance to address your graduating class 43 D, at La Junta. Your old dad has made a lot of speeches on personal appearances, War Bond trips, and before the various charity organizations with which he has been associated, but never before have I been on the edge of "stage fright." I had a grand patriotic speech prepared. I was going to tell your class what a great chance they had of becoming heroes, but when those 167 men filed into the gymnasium to receive their diplomas, commissions and wings, every thought of flag-waving left me and the only thought I had in mind was how all their fathers felt about what their sons were giving and doing.

Also because you are in the Air Corps, one of the greatest thrills I experienced in the past year was attending the presentation ceremonies of the D.S.C. to a sergeant who was a member of the Doolittle flight to Tokyo at Barksdale Field, La. Unfortunately, I did not have the courage to ask the sergeant any questions, but during the ceremony there was an expression in that young fellow's face I will never forget. I could read in his eyes that he felt he had done his duty, not only to his country, but to his fellow men. I was again reminded of him when I met the members of your graduating class. All of you had the same expression in your eyes and I know there is not one of you who would not take the same chance this young sergeant took if the opportunity was offered.

Mother is very busy since she accepted the Chairmanship of the Red Cross Blood Donor Recruitment Theater Project. These Red Cross workers go to one theater a week in Los Angeles and recruit potential blood donors. They have been more than successful in their efforts, averaging some 500 pints per week for the last three weeks. Unless one has made a careful study of the Blood Bank and its activities, it would not occur to them how important this project is, not only in saving lives but helping to bring this war to a successful conclusion. I never realized what a fine organizer mother was until she accepted this post, and I am very proud of her.

Oh yes, I almost forgot to tell you, as usual she couldn't overlook a chance to put one over on the old man!

I was asked to sign up at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood before the newsreel cameras. The idea was to induce theater-goers all over America to sign up as blood donors in the theater lobbies. Basil Rathbone, Esther Williams, Donna Reed, Frances Rafferty and I passed along in line, signing the cards. I didn't think your mother was within

miles. But as I bent down to sign my card I heard a low "Hello, dear" (which, unfortunately, the newsreel mike didn't pick up). Your mother had slipped into the place of the young lady at the signing table, in order to sign me up while the cameras were grinding. But your mother nearly cost News of the Day some extra footage!

I most certainly agree with your feeling that the traveling millions of American boys are doing for the Army and Navy within the United States, not to mention foreign service, is one of the best things to come out of this war. You say, "I feel that I know America much better" . . . and that is on a basis of work at flying fields in the West only—Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Colorado. We are a big country, and to do away with sectionalism there isn't anything better than a stay by a Southern boy in the North, or by a Californian in the New England states. There's a lot to brag about in these splendid and very large United States of ours, besides the particular little corner in which we were born and raised.

As you know, I traveled to every state in the Union as a stage actor. I felt I knew the country and its people pretty well. But I really didn't know them at all. It took a war to scratch off the surface and disclose the real America. In the last eighteen months I have been to Washington, D. C., on six occasions; have sold bonds in Texas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Canada, and have made speeches at all hours of the day and night. My most recent appearance was made at a shipyard near Los Angeles after four o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps the most typical of the way Americans have been stirred occurred on the first bond tour I made. Speaking in front of a theater in Marshfield, Wis., which has a population of some 6,000 or 7,000, I received a call from the chairman of the bond drive in Pittsville. He asked me if we would stop there. There was no reason why we shouldn't, as it was on the main road and only a few miles away. On our arrival, I found a little platform on the main street, with a microphone and two Legionnaires on each side bearing the American flag. The entire population of 350 turned out to welcome us. The chairman of the bond drive handed me an envelope containing \$2,700 which represented the sale of War Bonds for that week.

Greer Garson tells another incident that interests me. A woman came up to her in a small Southern town and handed her a worn tobacco sack containing \$18.75 in nickels, dimes and quarters. She told Miss Garson she had walked miles over the hills to purchase her bond. At one of our meetings shortly after we returned to Hollywood, Bob Hope said, "Boy, those crowds sure made it plain that civilian America is behind the war, and don't let anyone tell you different."

Yes, son, none of us need to be afraid that the American people won't deliver

everything they should for the progress of this war. It's been a thrill to me to see how they've taken hold in every state, and most particularly in our National Capital where I have heard the pros and cons of world problems discussed across the breakfast table of that great American, Senator Tom Connally, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. It has even been my great privilege to meet our President and to be one of those present at his birthday luncheon. It is thrilling to watch the vigor with which he tackles his incomparably difficult job.

When you are up with a student, when

you are thinking of those days when instructing days are over and you may be sent over a target (we'll hope it's Tokyo) remember that you are a unit of the greatest country on earth. As I say, I've seen all of America in peace times, but I have never been so unutterably proud of your country and mine as during these last two years of concentrated struggle to keep right the victor over might.

Mother and your sister Jane send a heart full of love, and be assured our thoughts and prayers are ever with you.

As always,

Your Dad.

Closeup of a Cowboy

Continued from page 40

good, but not sensational. But soon after he signed with Republic, Walter Wanger borrowed him to play the *Ringo Kid* in "Stagecoach"—which picture, when previewed, overnight established John Wayne as the hottest actor west of the Sierras. Republic had hit the jackpot.

You can't write about John Wayne without writing about John Ford. Director John Ford, now a lieutenant commander in the Navy, is all the American heroes of fact and fiction wrapped into one, as far as John Wayne is concerned. John the actor worships John the director as a man and as a friend. He realizes that all he is, and all he owns, his beautiful home in Bel Air, his 1000-acre ranch near San Diego, he owes to John Ford, who kept a promise—one of the things rarely kept in Hollywood. When John's family moved to Glendale (John was born in Winterset, Iowa, under the name of Marion Michael Morrison, on May 26, 1908) John enrolled in USC and spent his summer vacations working as prop man in the nearby studios. He met John Ford while working as a prop man on one of his pictures at Fox. Ford got him his first acting job at the studio (in Raoul Walsh's "The Big Trail"), and when that turned out to be such a miserable failure Ford consoled him by saying, "Don't worry, Johnny. One of these days I am going to find a story that will make you a star." He did. In 1939 he signed with Walter Wanger to direct "Stagecoach," a story which he owned. And the deal called for a practically unknown actor, name of John Wayne, to play the lead. Wanger wanted a "big name" but Ford was adamant. Producers have learned better than to argue with Ford. Within two hours, the night of the preview in Westwood Village, John Wayne changed from a two-bit actor to a popular Hollywood star. Republic quickly snatched him out of the *Three Mesquiteers* series and began starring him in their big-budget specials—of which "The Fighting Seabees" is the latest.

Ford claims that Johnny hasn't changed since the time he first met him as a prop man in 1929. He has improved tremendously as an actor, of course, but his philosophy and manners are still the same. He still hates sham and pretense and everything that smacks of being phony. He's a pretty phlegmatic guy,

usually, but let him catch someone being dishonest or disloyal and he can fly into a mighty six-foot-four rage that bodes no good for the offender. He's loyal to a fault himself.

John's a man's man. His great love is hunting, and several times a year he and Ray Milland, Johnny Weissmuller, Fred MacMurray and Ward Bond go to Mexico on a "big game" hunt. The rest of the time he has to content himself with duck shooting and fighting. His idea of a lot of fun is barbecuing steaks under a desert moon and listening to Harry Carey, or some other old-timer, tell tall tales about the Old West. When he's working on a picture he spends most of his leisure time at the Hollywood Athletic Club playing "Hearts" with the boys. John Ford taught him to play "Hearts" years ago, and the game has become a passion with him. He'll have no truck with gin-rummy. That's a sissy game.

In 1933 John married Josephine Saenz, daughter of the Cuban Consul of Los Angeles. "We got married and started having babies," says John with a grin, "and we've been doing the same thing ever since." The Waynes now have four children: Michael, Toni, Patrick and Melinda, ages 8, 6, 4, 2. John is terribly proud of his offspring, and has already enrolled them in USC. Michael he takes on short hunting trips with him, and the lad is proving a chip off the old block.

A few months ago, much to the surprise and dismay of the Waynes' many friends, John and Josie officially separated. John suddenly moved into a Hollywood hotel. There was considerable side-taking, as there always is in such cases. Josie's friends said that John was just a big lug who always wanted to sit around home in his cowboy boots and never take his pretty wife any place. And John's friends said that Josie was society-conscious and wanted to dress John up like Mrs. Astor's horse and drag him around to all the right places. "John," they said, "is just a simple prop man at heart and will never be anything else."

But both Josie's and John's friends agreed on one thing—those two ought to forgive and forget and start all over again. Even people who don't know them are sort of hoping for a reconciliation.

In a SLIP it's
"GOOD BEHAVIOR"
that counts



If your store is out of your favorite Good Behavior Slip, ask to see their other MOVIE STAR Styles. They all behave well! —

ABOUT \$1.39

movie Star
slips

159 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dept. H

ROMANCE DESIGN MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR HONEYMOON DESIGN

\$1.50 EACH
OR BOTH FOR \$2.79

SIMULATED DIAMOND RINGS

Just to get acquainted we will send you smart new yellow gold plate engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing simulated diamond solitaire in sentimental, orange blossom mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed, yellow gold plate in exquisite Honeymoon design. Either ring only \$1.50 or both for \$2.79 and tax. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival then wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now. EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. 680BN Jefferson, Iowa

song POEMS wanted

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Send your Poems for our new offer and FREE "Rhyming Dictionary" today.

Phonograph Records Made

VANDERBILT MUSIC STUDIOS

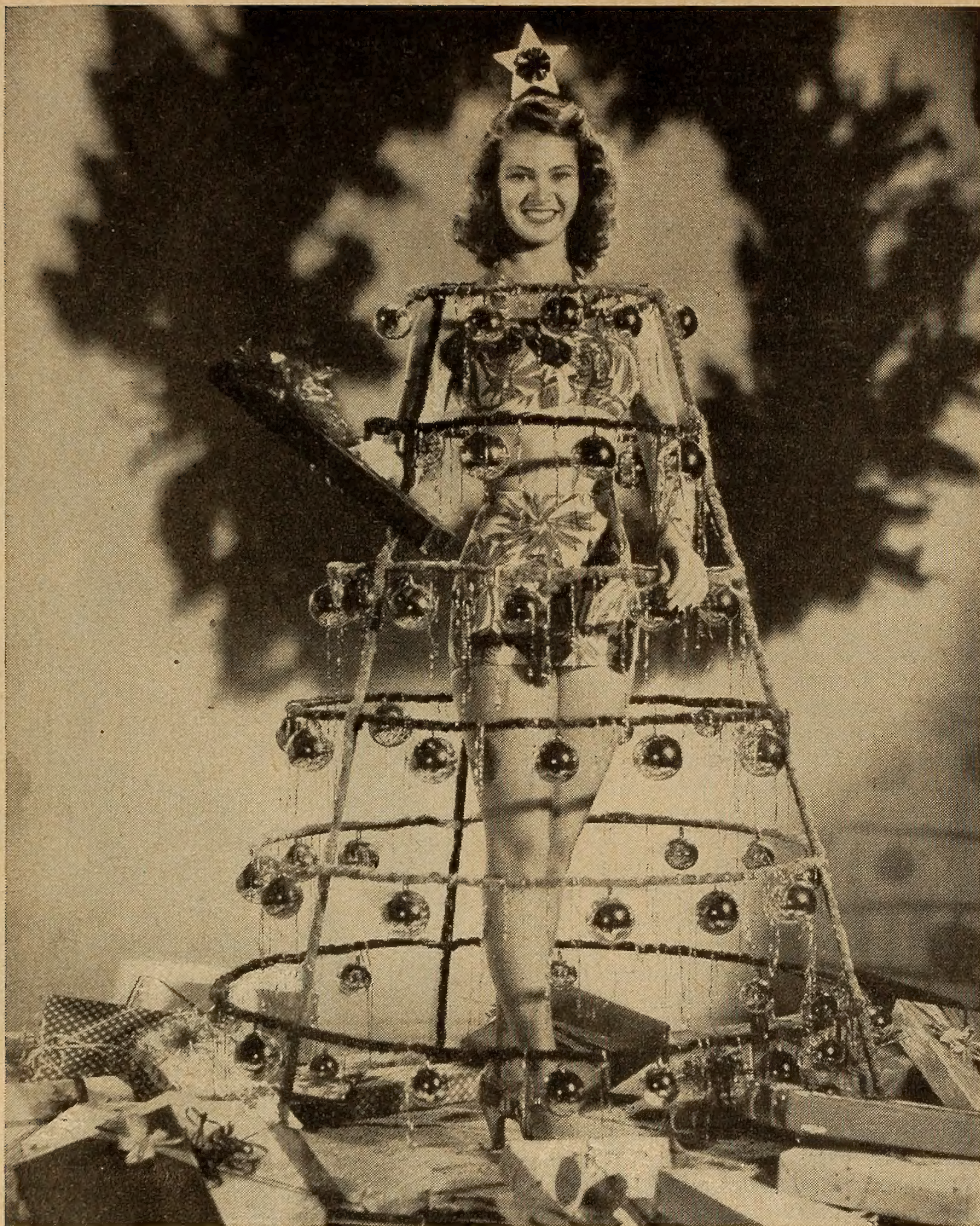
Dept. 8A, Box 112, Coney Island, N. Y.

Get More Comfort For Standing Feet

With A Daily Ice-Mint Treat

Don't let tired, burning, sensitive feet steal energy and make the hours seem longer. Just massage frosty white Ice-Mint on your feet and ankles *before* work to help keep them cool and comfortable... and *after* work to help perk them up for an evening of fun. No greasy feeling—won't stain socks or stockings. Grand, too, to help soften corns and callouses. Get Ice-Mint from your druggist today and get foot happy this easy way.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS



Frances Rafferty, currently appearing in "Broadway Rhythm" for M-G-M, shows one way of overcoming the scarcity of real green Christmas trees for your home this year.

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 10

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

\$1.00 Each

In a recent issue, Betty Brown, of North Carolina, disapproves of Helmut Dantine's super-duper Nazi rôles. Miss Brown feels that he should be glamorized and that, my dear Editor, is where the public is likely to lose another up-and-coming star like Mr. Dantine. Humphrey Bogart hit stardom like a tornado by his rude, murderous rôles, and I'm quite sure our readers would not like to see him glamorized.

Mr. Dantine has portrayed a Nazi as he really is and that has given his movie fans a greater urge for patriotism in our own homeland, and the sterner he grew in "Edge Of Darkness," the more I thrilled to his blood-curdling performance. I would like very much to see Mr. Dantine in more and more nasty Nazi rôles, the Nazier the better! No, I'm not a Nazi myself, but why soften up an actor like Helmut Dantine and have America lose hatred for a rat named Schickelgruber? I saw people leaving the performance of "Edge Of Darkness" with hard, disturbing looks in their eyes. Why? Well, simply because their hate for the Nazi

supermen had grown stronger since Helmut portrayed Nazis as they really are.

ROCHELLE BOVA, New Haven, Conn.

My husband and I think there is hardly a finer voice in the movies than Deanna Durbin's. It is clear and sweet and true. We have followed her rise with the greatest interest. And yet we have been very much disappointed in two of her recent movies—"The Amazing Mrs. Holliday" and "Hers to Hold." Her voice is still beautiful, yet Hollywood seems bent on changing her personality.

Deanna Durbin has always seemed gracious, even as a little girl, and has a sweet and winning way about her. There is a gentle look about her eyes, a charming softness. With all these lovely qualities, why does Hollywood try to make a glamor girl out of her, dressing her in black sequin dresses, etc., making all her clothes just *too* smart, giving her sophisticated rôles? It just doesn't suit her personality.

Let's have Deanna the way she used to be. It isn't necessary for every screen star to have scintillating glamor. Let's not make her conform to type, but make a great star out of her by letting her exert her own particular charm and individuality.

MRS. B. FRANKLIN BOAN,
Newport News, Va.

I have been a moviegoer for years and this is the first time I have ever written a letter about a movie star—Robert Walker, the gum-chewing sailor in "Bataan." After that show he was the most-talked-about actor in the picture. My daughter raved about him before she even saw him and I thought she was being rather silly, but now I know that she was telling the truth. He is the most talented actor in Hollywood. He completely stole the picture and I'm not the only one who thinks so. Many others share my opinion. I've never cried in a picture in my life, but when Robert Walker was dictating that letter to his mother my heart poured out for him. Give him many more good rôles. Everyone is waiting to see him again and again.

MRS. JULIA STONER, Omaha, Nebr.

Hats off to Bette Davis and Nelson Eddy! Why? Well, I'm referring to their unselfishness in accepting small parts in their most recent films. Miss Davis in "Watch On The Rhine" and Mr. Eddy in "Phantom Of The Opera." Both are the stars and only box-office draw in these two pictures and yet both had smaller parts than lesser players in the cast. As the stars of the pictures they could have demanded bigger parts through re-write jobs in their favor.

Miss Davis is definitely Warner Brothers' first lady and her every whim would be satisfied. Mr. Eddy is a freelance player and after many other offers chose "Phantom Of The Opera" as his first film on his own. He didn't have to make it nor did he have to sign the contract until his part was enlarged.

Why did they do this? Because the soundness of the plot, the greatness of the film, and the ultimate success of the picture was more important to them than any opportunities they might have demanded to show-off. Both went out of their way to help the others in the cast steal scenes from them because the other characters were more important to the story than their own.

I repeat, "Hats off to Bette Davis and Nelson Eddy!"

JO MOTTOLA, Hempstead, N. Y.

If you asked, "Wasn't Virginia O'Brien wonderful in 'DuBarry Was A Lady?'" very few moviegoers would know whom you were talking about. If you had added, "the beautiful girl with the 'dead-pan' face," practically everybody would have known whom you meant. The public hasn't forgotten the captivating way she sang *Boy, Did I Get Stinking At The Club Savoy* in "Panama Hattie" and *Salomey* in "DuBarry." Yet she has never had much publicity. Is it because her producers want to keep her expressionless countenance "dead" and so do not give out her life story?

It is written that Boris Karloff is really a kind man, that Edward G. Robinson likes children, and that Ida Lupino is not really a tough woman. Therefore, I doubt if Virginia O'Brien leads a dead life. We, the people, would like to hear something about it.

CAROL YOUNG, Salem, Ore.

HONORABLE MENTION

I belong to that group of females who prefer the not-too-handsome, rugged hero, and for a long, long time have been under the delusion that Robert Taylor was not that type.

Last night, my young son coaxed me into seeing "Bataan." I left the theater a changed woman. Whatever made me think he wasn't a big, strong he-man? My face is red. I am ashamed of myself!

NAN C. MANSFIELD, San Francisco, Calif.

*loveliness that
Rivals Natural
Curly Hair!*

Do you want your hair to look

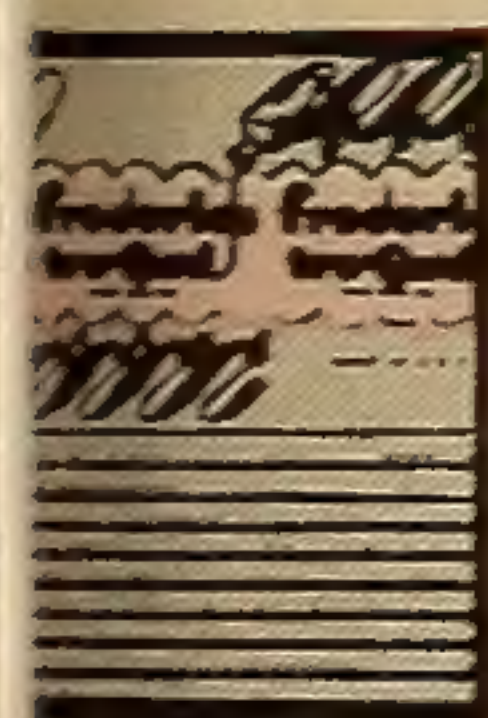
as if it grew naturally curly... with
deep soft waves and natural looking curls that
shimmer with lustre? Then insist upon a genuine
Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent.

This wonderful new permanent will bring out all
the natural loveliness of your hair—capture its
dreamy radiance—transform your straight hair into
deep, beautiful, natural-looking waves and silky soft curls.

There is no possibility of kinks or frizzes, when you
have a Tru-Curl wave because this famous Frederics
permanent contains NO harsh, beauty-stealing
metallic salts, which cause these conditions.

And while you are getting this natural-looking permanent
there are no disagreeable chemical odors—no painful pulling
or stretching of the hair. You'll actually enjoy getting this
most natural of all permanent waves.

Cheryl Walker
in Sol Lesser's Motion Picture
"Stage Door Canteen"



WARNING:

Avoid imitations, dangerous to
your hair structure. Insist that your per-
manent waver opens the sealed individual
Tru-Curl package before your eyes. See that only
genuine Tru-Curl wrappers and lotion are used on your hair.

Always look for these wrappers

frederics
tru·Curl
permanent waves
for 27 YEARS AMERICA'S FINEST PERMANENTS

E. FREDERICS, INC. (Dept. SL-2F), 4402 11th Street, Long Island City 1, N. Y.

Send me a list of Frederics Franchise Salons in my community where the famous
Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent is given by experts. Also send me your new FREE
BOOKLET—"What you should know about your Permanent Wave."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

BETTY GRABLE
STARRING IN THE FORTHCOMING
20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
"PIN-UP GIRL"

WITH THE BOYS... *It's*
CHESTERFIELD

You see Chesterfields everywhere these days—and why? Because they are milder and better-tasting and no wonder . . . Chesterfields are made of the best tobaccos that grow. And that's not all—it's the blend—the Right Combination of these tobaccos that makes Chesterfield the cigarette that *Satisfies*

